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Twelfth Night;
or, What You Will.

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CLOWN (sings): "'Come away, come away, death'"
TWELFTH NIGHT *Act* II *Scene* 4

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BOOKLOVERS EDITION

TWELFTH NIGHT

OTHELLO

By
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

With Introductions.
Notes. Glossary.
Critical Comments.
and Method of Study

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TWELFTH NIGHT;
Or, WHAT YOU WILL

Preface.

The First Edition. *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will,* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255-275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of 'Dramatis Personæ' was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

The Date of Composition. John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January 1601(-2) to April, 1603, entered in his Diary, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harleian 5353),* the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(-2).—At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song '*Farewell, dear heart, since I must*

* *Cp. The Diary of John Manningham,* ed. by John Bruce (*Camden Society,* 1869).

needs be gone,' from the Book of Ayres, by Robert Jones, first published in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601-2.

Title of the Play. According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's servants,' before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601-2: possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by 'its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment.' Its second name, '*Or What You Will,*' was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as '*As You Like It*'; it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy: in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.*

The Sources of the Plot. (i.) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (The Cheats), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night*; one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's 'Cesario.' (ii.) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night;* in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio,* oc-

* Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

curs the name 'Malevolti,' which is at least suggestive of the name 'Malvolio.' (iii.) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV. Hist. vii.); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* (1581), where it is styled '*The History of Apollonius and Silla*'; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*; Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of 'Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull,' no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

Backward Links. *Twelfth Night,* probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well,* suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays:—*e.g.* (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*; (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors*; (3) the whole play is in fact a 'Comedy of Errors' arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice,*

> *'like the sweet sound*
> *That breathes upon a bank of violets,*
> *Stealing and giving odour';*

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II. iv. 113-121) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii. 14-18); (7) finally, Sir Andre is a sort of elder brother of Cousin Slender; and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

Duration of Action. The Action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1, Act I. i. iii. Interval. *Day* 2, Act I. iv. and v.; Act II. i. iii. *Day* 3, Act II. iv. and v.; Acts III., IV., and V.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sebastian and Viola, twins, are separated by shipwreck and each believes the other lost. Viola is cast ashore on the coast of Illyria. She thereupon dons male attire and obtains service as page with the Duke Orsino, who has been vainly suing for the hand of Olivia, a native lady. The Duke is pleased with the appearance of his new page and sends Viola to pay court for him to Olivia, which she does with so much gracefulness and eloquence that the lady becomes enamoured of the supposed youth instead of the master.

II. Olivia sends favours and messages to Viola in which, naturally, the latter takes no interest. Viola, in turn, has conceived a passion for the Duke, which she is compelled to hide.

Olivia's steward, Malvolio, is so priggish and conceited that others of her household contrive a practical joke against him, sending him an anonymous love-letter which he is given to believe is from Olivia herself.

III. Malvolio follows instructions contained in the letter, and behaves so ridiculously that his mistress believes him demented. Meanwhile Olivia's love for Viola becomes so intense that she sues openly to the fictitious page, much to the latter's distress. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor of Olivia's, is displeased at the favours shown the page, and in a spirit of bravado challenges Viola. Though both are eager to avoid the conflict, it is only averted by the arrival of officers.

IV. Sebastian, Viola's brother, who was also cast up by the sea, comes to Illyria. He looks so much like his sister—especially since she is in men's garments—that Sir Andrew mistakes him for the page and renews the fight. This time he does not encounter a woman's shrinking spirit or weak arm, and he is soundly belaboured. Soon after, Olivia also meets Sebastian, supposes him to be Viola and reiterates her devotion. The delighted Sebastian returns love for love and they are secretly espoused before a priest.

V. Olivia encounters Viola in company with the Duke and greets her by the title of husband. The bewildered page disavows the title, but the priest who performed the ceremony vouches for it. The Duke is much disgruntled that his favourite page should so abuse his confidence. Viola is meeting with general disfavour, when her brother Sebastian arrives on the scene, and the two who had thought each other dead are reunited. Olivia discovers that she has espoused the brother, after having wooed the sister, while the Duke finds that his attachment for his page becomes love when Viola resumes her feminine attire.

The secret of Malvolio's dementia is revealed, and he is released from the confinement in which he has been held.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Viola.

As the innate dignity of Perdita pierces through her rustic disguise, so the exquisite refinement of Viola triumphs over her masculine attire. Viola is, perhaps, in a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring; she is "deep-learned in the lore of love"—at least theo-

retically—and speaks as masterly on the subject as Perdita does of flowers.

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine) it is shortly this: She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria: she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady, having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother.

If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene) that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and, when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way de-

tract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*"

Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies: but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

Viola then is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade:—

> "And on her cheek is ready with a blush
> Modest as morning. when she coldly eyes
> The youthful Phœbus."

. . . The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire —her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.

Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page, takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment, that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one; she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants—but not like Portia, "queen o'er herself." She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion; yet she apologizes for herself:—

> "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
> And laid mine honour too unchary out;
> There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
> But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
> That it but mocks reproof!"

And in the midst of her self-abandonment never allows us to contemn, even while we pity her:—

> "What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
> That honour, sav'd may upon asking give?"

The distance of rank which separates the Countess from the youthful page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing" with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest, not a subject of reproach. *Twelfth Night* is a genuine comedy—a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society men and women are divided into castes and classes, and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment and the broad-

est effects of humour, the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity, in short, to bring before us in the same scene Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakspeare.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Malvolio.

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality; for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged

to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man. . . .

But the play does not let Malvolio drop softly on his feet. There is a faint grudge provoked by the ill-tempered quality of his conceit, and Shakspeare indicates this trait of our nature. The Clown, who remembers how the steward used to twit Olivia's contentment at his sallies, and to deprecate it in a lofty way, now mimics his phrases and manner to sting him with a last fluttering dart. Malvolio's pride is already too deeply wounded, for he has indeed been "notoriously abused." There is no relenting in such a man on account of the fun, for that is a crime in the eyes of a Puritan, to be punished for God's sake. His temper acquires sombreness from his belief that total depravity is a good doctrine if you can only live up to it. But when this crime of fun is perpetrated against the anointed self-esteem of the Puritan himself, it is plain he will be revenged on the whole pack of them unless they proceed to make a sop of deference to touch his hurt with, and a pipe out of his own egotism for sounding a truce.

Shakspeare delighted to mark the transition of a virtue to a vice; that elusive moment, as of a point of passage from one species to another, discovered and put into a flash from the light of humor. Malvolio's grave and self-respecting temperament is an excellence. No decent man thinks meanly of himself, and the indecent ones cannot afford the disparagement. The pretence of it is a warning to us to expect mischief, a notice put up, "This is a private way; dangerous passing."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

IV.

Feste, the Clown.

The Clown in this play, who, I am inclined to think, should bear his name all through by as good a right as Touchstone, is a remarkable creation, and very essential to the knitting and coherence of the general play. His musical talent is most diversified; he gives as readily and with equal effect the tender love song suited to the dreamy and poetical being of the Duke, or the noisy catch that shakes the rafters and calls up Malvolio at midnight. Thus catholic in his artistic range, he has a not less wide intellectual scope. He plumbs the depth accurately of his mistress's exhausted sorrow, penetrates the destiny of Maria and Sir Toby's weak *pia mater,* holds up a mirror to the opalescent humours of the Duke, and takes remarkably good care of his own economical resources, by asking on every occasion when he is safe to obtain—yet free from slyness withal, genial and enjoyable, as he is free of speech. Still, apart from a certain degree of loyalty to his mistress, he knows the world too well—this it is to be wise and to suffer for it, to remain very long in society of the same tone, or to feel much sympathy for anybody, or consequently to get much in return. With no great interest in the practical jests and bear-baitings that are rife around him, he does not refuse, however, to gratify his pique of profession, by lending a helping hand in duping the churlish steward.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Of all Shakspeare's clowns, he is the best endowed with a many-sided mirth, as indeed he should be to pass lightly through the mingled romance and roystering of the play and favor all its moods. The sentiment of the Duke is as inebriated as the revelling which Malvolio rebukes. Olivia's protracted grief for her brother is carefully cos-

seted by her, as if on purpose to give the Clown an opportunity.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?
Oliv. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

All the characters, noble and common, have some weakness which he intuitively rallies. The charm of the comedy lies in these unsubstantial moods of the chief personages which consort with the more substantial whims and appetites of the others. The only sobriety is vested in the Clown; for all his freaks have a consistent disposition. So the lovely poetry of the mock mourners alternates with the tipsy prose of the genuine fleshly fellows. Their hearty caterwauling penetrates to Olivia's fond seclusion, and breaks up her brooding. Feste is everywhere at home. When he plays the curate's part, Malvolio beseechingly cries, "Sir Topas, Sir Topas!" The Clown says aside, "Nay, I am for all waters"—that is, for topaz, diamond, gems of the first water, all many-colored facets, I'll reflect. And he does so in this conversation which he holds with Malvolio, who says, "I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question." Then Feste airs his learning: "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?" and makes his question lead up to a sharp retort, when Malvolio answers, "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird"; for then Feste says, "Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam." For it was a country notion that the woodcock was the foolishest of birds; so he translates Malvolio's grandam into one, and leaves him to inherit her absence of wits. And Malvolio was so devoured by mortification and anxiety that he

does not notice when Feste cannot restrain his burlesquing knack, but makes the pretended curate say that Malvolio's cell "hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke is treated without any disposition to accentuate the ludicrous aspect of his character and fortunes. He is among the figures which suggest that Shakespeare was attracted by the methods of Jonson. Luxurious emotions are the elements in which he lives; they run to seed in him like a "Humour." His opening words, "If music be the food of love, play on," incisively denote him. His love is not a master who subdues all his faculties and energies to its service, but an exquisite companion whom he dotes on and dallies with. He has no doubt a choice and graceful mind, and this saves him from ridicule, though hardly from contempt; but it serves rather to extract and formulate the finest essence of each passing moment than to draw obvious practical conclusions from facts. Hence the Clown—no inapt observer—admirably prescribes for him a doublet of changeable taffeta, "for thy mind is a very opal"; his speech flushes with the warmth and brilliance of each passing mood. He is sick of self-love, and his persistent courtship of Olivia rests upon a fatuous faith in his own prevailing fascination; but his egoism is amiable and effusive, and he enters easily into tender relations with his subordinates. Apolonius, in Rich's tale, has no kindness for his serving-man; but the charm of Cesario has conquered the sensitive Duke long before the climax, and the discovery of his sex transforms it without effort into love. This change might seem to involve a modifi-

cation of the climax of Rich's story, where Apolonius vows his man's death to avenge his lady's honour (Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, i. 408). In Shakespeare's hands, however, the incident adds a piquant trait to the Duke's character. His tenderness for the lad he dooms converts the act into a sacrifice, and invests it with a tragic significance full of relish to his artistic sense.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Olivia.

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguised Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain

confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (iii. 4)—

> "Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
> If sad and merry madness equal be."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VII.

Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Of Sir Toby himself—that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion—it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the aspiring, lackadaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him, he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Characters Contrasted.

Viola is in so far the heroine of the piece, as the whole play originates with and is kept in motion by her and her disguise. And yet her character is given in light touches and delicate colours, and is composed of but a few simple elements. It consists, so to say, only in the apparent contradiction between a tender, gentle, sensitive, longing heart, which, being " deeply skilled in the science of love," retires in maidenly shyness within itself, and a bold, witty and imaginative mind that whispers to her all kinds of mischievous ideas, which she involuntarily follows from her innate pleasure in romance and in what is fantastic. She thereby falls into situations which cause her anxiety and embarrassment, because, on the other hand, she has not the courage or the practical cleverness possessed by Portia (in *The Merchant of Venice*), whose mind is somewhat akin to her own. To solve harmoniously this apparent contradiction, which places the two elements of the comic—fancy and intrigue—in close juxtaposition, and to form a true and life-like character out of these heterogeneous elements, is a task that Shakspeare leaves to the talent of the actors. In pieces like this and similar ones, he cannot well do otherwise; he has to content himself with giving mere hints of the characters, he has, so to say, but to touch the light pollen of the characterisation; a deeper development and deeper motives would obstruct and retard the rapid, easy, graceful movement of the action.

The other characters, the musical and dreamy Duke, who suns himself in his own love, and spends his time in brooding over his own sorrows;—Olivia, in her girlish self-will, hard to please yet so easy to win over, so serious, strict, and yet so graceful, who is so cold, so shy, so virtuously reserved before she is in love, and so inconsiderate in her desires, so devoted after her love is

aroused by contradiction, and has burst forth into a bright flame;—Antonio, with his fantastic friendship for Sebastian, and Sebastian with his healthy, vigorous, youthful nature, taking with one snatch that which the Duke has in vain endeavoured to obtain by entreaties, lamentations and sighs;—the roguish, ingenious Maria, and her clever helper's help Fabian—all these characters are sketched in such fine outlines, the transparent colours and delicate lights and shades of which are so harmoniously blended with one another that, only in this manner, and in no other, could they be the agents of such a light, airy, hazy and yet deeply significant composition. The most carefully worked out contrast is that between the Fool by profession and the involuntary fools, Malvolio, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby. While the latter, in their own conceit and foolishness, unconsciously draw the cap and bells over their own ears, the former, in his self-adopted mental garb of motley colours, moves with inimitable adroitness, and pins the lappets of his wit to the back of all the other characters. The meaning of the poem is, so to say, centred in him. He alone, in full consciousness, contemplates life as a merry Twelfth Night, in which every one has, in fact, only to play his allotted part to the greatest possible amusement of himself and others.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Charms of this Comedy.

Of all Shakespeare's comedies, perhaps *Twelfth Night* is the most richly woven with various hues of love, serious and mock-heroic. The amorous threads take warmer shifting colours from their neighbourhood to the unmitigated remorseless merry-making of the harum-scarum old wag Sir Toby and his sparkling captain

in mischief, the "most excellent devil of wit," Maria. Beside their loud conviviality and pitiless fun the languishing sentiment of the cultivated love-lorn Duke stands out seven times refined, and goes with exquisite touch to the innermost sensibilities.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets.*

Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the Clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives*, there's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatened with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It*, "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love.

The self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and Clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it's not till we look past them that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespear's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, and, above all, Viola, as they live in the comedy are Shakespearian to the heart. The framework of the play is essentially serious, a beautiful vein of poetic feeling runs through it, and, intermingled with these, the most unforced and uproarious fun. In inventiveness in the comic type and in freedom in handling it, as well as in grouping of diverse materials and fusing them into a harmonious and captivating whole, this comedy was never surpassed by the dramatist. He parted with the muse of comedy at the very moment when he had mastered the art of touching the weaknesses, follies, and minor sins of men with a touch which was keen with the wisdom of a great knowledge of the world, and gentle with the kindness of one who loved his kind for what they had lost rather than for what they had won.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Twelfth Night or What You Will

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, FESTE, *a clown,* } *servants to Olivia*

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*

Twelfth Night;

Or, What You Will.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence,

that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;

And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-

sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue

that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the

better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. 170
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no 180 scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very 190 fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your

praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria, and Attendants.*]

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for

some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good.
Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins. 'Hold thy peace.'
Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio

and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and ' Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] ' There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady! '

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] ' O, the twelfth day of December ',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sock; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune: all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then.

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*] I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,— what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, —Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman!

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly:

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours'; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
Their lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide,
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,

Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come:
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.
Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites

me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance —What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow

things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in

private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the

most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us! The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way

to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is'; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set

down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful gapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars,
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?
Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.
Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[*Exit Fabian.*
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-ots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 120.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 20.
A degree, one step; III. i. 130.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 84.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 162.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 83.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 98.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 153.
Agone, ago; V. i. 198.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 96.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An = one; II. i. 19.
Anatomy, body; used contemptuously; III. ii. 65.
And; used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 389.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 320.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 281.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 10.
As yet, still; V. i. 265.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 239.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 124.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 369.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"; Daniel, "a woeful"); I. iv. 41.
Barren, dull; I. v. 85.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 39.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 53.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 123.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 185.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 184.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 61.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 90.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 188.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 260.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 101.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 126.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 95.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 303.
Blent = blended; I. v. 248.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 239.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 45.

Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 128.

Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 46.

Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 29.

Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 56.

Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 64.

Branched, "adorned with needle-work, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 49.

Breach, surf; II. i. 22.

Breast, voice; II. iii. 20.

Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.

Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 106.

Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 31.

Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 190.

But = than; I. iv. 13.

Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; *bar,* place where they were served out; I. iii. 71.

Buttery-bar, Christ Church, Oxford.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 329.

Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 81.

Cantons = cantos; I. v. 280.

Case, body, skin; V. i. 164.

Castiliano vulgo; "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 44.

Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 77.

Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 18.

Chain, the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 124.

Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.

Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 116; III. i. 69.

Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 127.

Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.

Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 124.

Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.

Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 208.

Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.

Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 101.

Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 211.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: *"like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier"*; III. iv. 128.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy; I v. 6.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 232.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 187.

Compare, comparison; II. iv 103.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 26.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 181.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III iv. 316.

Conclusions to be as kisses, i.e. "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); v. i. 20.

Conduct, guard, escort; III. iv. 260.

Consequently, subsequently; III. iv. 77.

Consideration; "on carpet c." = "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 254.

Constant, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 51.

Convents, is convenient; V. i. 382.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 130.

Couplet, couple; III. iv. 401.

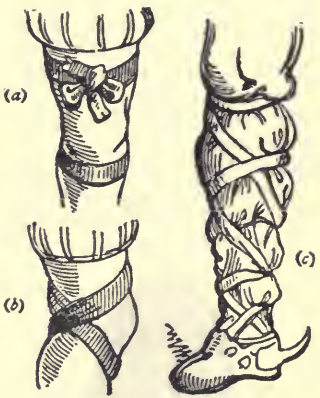
Coxcomb, head; V. i. 175.

Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 41.

Coziers, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 92.

Credit, intelligence; IV. iii. 6

Cross-gartered; alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 156.



Specimens of cross-gartering.
(*a*) and (*b*) Front and back views of a gentleman's knee, from an early XVIth century tapestry.
(*c*) Tartar cross-gartering. From a book on costume, published at Antwerp, 1582.

Crowner, coroner; I. v. 137.

Cruelty, cruel one; II. iv. 82.

Cubiculo (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 54.

"Cucullus non facit monachum" = a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 57.
Cunning, skilful; I. v. 249.
Curst, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 43.
Cut, a docked horse; II. iii. 193.
Cypress; probably "a coffin of cypresswood"; (others explain it as a shroud of *cypress*; Cotgrave mentions *white cipres*); II. iv. 53.
Cypress, crape (*v.* Note); III. i. 128.

Dally, play, trifle; III. i. 16.
Day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 50.
Deadly, death-like; I. v. 275.
Dear, heartfelt; V. i. 70.
Deceivable, delusive; IV. iii. 21.
Dedication, devotedness; V. i. 81.
Deliver'd, set at liberty; V. i. 315.
Denay, denial; II. iv. 126.
Deny, refuse; IV. i. 61.
Desperate, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 63.
Despite, malice; III. iv. 239.
Determinate, fixed; II. i. 10.
Dexteriously, dexterously; I. v. 61.
Diluculo surgere (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.
Dimension, bodily shape; I. v. 271; V. i. 237.
Discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.
Dismount, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 240.
Disorders, misconduct; II. iii. 100.
Dissemble, disguise; IV. ii. 5.
Distemper, make ill-humoured; II. i. 5.
Distempered, diseased; I. v. 93.
Dry, insipid; I. v. 44.

Egyptian thief; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 117.
Element, sky and air, I. i. 26; sphere, III. i. 63. *The four elements, i.e.* fire, air, water, earth, II. iii. 10. (See illustration.)

From the *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Mervaylles* (c. 1525).

Elephant, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.

Enchantment, love-charm; III. i. 119.
Encounter, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 79.
Endeavour thyself, try; IV. ii. 100.
Enlarge, release; V. i. 278.
Entertainment, treatment; I. v. 225.
Estimable wonder, admiring judgment; II. i. 27.
Except, before excepted, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
Expenses, a tip, douceur; III. i. 48.
Expressure, expression; II. iii. 164.
Extent, conduct, behaviour; IV. i. 56.
Extracting (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 281.
Extravagancy, vagrancy; II. i. 11.

Fadge, prosper; II. ii. 34.
Fall, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
Fancy, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 388.
Fantastical, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone,' etc.; altered from *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 105.
Favour, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 352.
Feature, external form, body; III. iv. 389.
Feelingly, exactly; II. iii. 165.
Fellow, companion; III. iv. 82.
Firago, corruption of virago; III. iv. 296.
Fire-new, brand-new; III. ii. 21.
Fit, becoming, suitable; III. i. 72.
Flatter with, encourage with hopes; I. v. 313.
Fleshed, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 43.
Fond, dote; II. ii. 35.
Forgive, excuse; I. v. 200.
For that, because; III. i. 161.
Fourteen years' purchase, i.e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 24.
Fraught, freight; V. i. 60.
Free, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; *cp.* "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
Fresh in murmur, begun to be rumoured; I. ii. 32.
Fright, affright; V. i. 236.
From; "f. Candy," *i.e.* "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 60.
Fulsome, gross, distasteful; V. i. 108.

Galliard, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.
Gaskins, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.
Geck, dupe; V. i. 343.
Gentleness, kindness, goodwill; II. i. 44.
Giddily, negligently; II. iv. 86.
Gin, snare; II. v. 85.

Ginger, a favourite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 121.

Goes even, agrees, tallies; V. i. 239.

Good life, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 37-39.

Goodman, (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 135.

Grace, virtue; V. i. 31.

Gracious, full of graces; I. v. 272.

Grain; "in grain," natural; I. v. 247.

Gratillity; clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 27.

Greek; "foolish Greek," *i.e.* jester, merrymaker (*cp.* "Matthew Merrygreek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 19.

Grize, step, degree; III. i. 131.

Grizzle, a tinge of grey (perhaps a grisly beard); V. i. 164.

Gust = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 32.

Haggard, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 69.

Hale, draw; III. ii. 62.

Haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 54.

Having, possessions; III. iv. 368.

Heat, course; I. i. 26.

"*Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*" etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques,* Percy); IV. ii. 76-7.

High = highly; I. i. 15.

Hob nob, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 258.

"*Hold thy peace, thou knave,*" and old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 66.

Honesty, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 89.

Horrible, horribly; III. iv. 192.

Hull, float; I. v. 212.

Humour of state, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 54.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. v. 65.

Impeticos, to impocket or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 27.

Importance, importunity; V. i. 363.

Impressure, impression; II. v. 95.

Incensement, exasperation; III. iv. 256.

Incredulous, incredible; III. iv. 86.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 76.

Interchangement, interchange; V. i. 158.

Into, unto; V. i. 83.

Jealousy, apprehension; III. iii. 8.
Jets, struts; II. v. 34.
Jewel, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 224.
Jezebel, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 43.
Joinder, joining; V. i. 156.
Jump, tally; V. i. 252.

Kickshawses = kickshaws; I. iii. 117.
Kindness, tenderness; II. i. 40.

Lapsed, surprised; III. iii. 36.
Late, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 41.
Leasing, lying; I. v. 100.
Leman, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.
Lenten, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.
Lets, hinders; V. i. 249.
Lies, dwells; III. i. 8.
Lighter, inferior in position; V. i. 339.
Limed, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 80.
List, boundary, limit; III. i. 83.
Little, a little; V. i. 170.
Liver, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 100; III. ii. 20.
Love-broker, agent between lovers; III. ii. 37.
Lowly, mean, base; III. i. 106.
Lucrece; "her L.," *i.e.* her seal; *cp.* the following illustration with head of Lucrece; II. v. 96.
Lullaby, "good night"; V. i. 44.
Maidenhead = maidenhood; I. v. 226.

An antique ring, or Niello work, with the head of Lucrece. From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Malapert, saucy, forward; IV. i. 47.
Malignancy, malevolence; II. i. 4.
Maugre, in spite of; III. i. 158.
Meddle, fight; III. iv. 271.
Metal (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India"; = "my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina,* a plant of itching properties); II. v. 15.
Minion, favourite, darling; V. i. 124.
Minx, a pert woman; III. iv. 131.
Miscarry, be lost, die; III. iv. 68.
Misprison, misapprehension; I. v. 56.
Mistress Mall; possibly "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado;* I. iii. 128.
Mollification; "some m. for your giant," *i.e.* "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 213.
Monster, unnatural creature; II. ii. 35.

Mistress Mall's picture
From the title-page of Middleton and Decker's comedy. *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-purse* (1611).

Mortal, deadly; III. iv. 281.
Mouse, a term of endearment; I. v. 64.

Nayword, by-word; II. iii. 141.
Newly, lately; V. i. 154.
Nicely, sophistically, subtilely; III. i. 16.
Non-regardance, disregard; V. i. 120.
Not, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 19.
Note; "come to note," *i.e.* "become known"; IV. iii. 29.
Notorious, notable; V. i. 329.
Numbers, measure of the verses; II. v. 104.
Nuncio, messenger; I. iv. 28.
Of = on; III. iv. 2; for the sake of; V. i. 230.
On = at; II. ii. 3.
Opal, a precious stone supposed to change its colours; II. iv. 76.
Open, openly; III. iii. 37.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 66. III. iv. 249.
Opposite, hostile; II. v. 150.
Orb, earth; III. i. 42.
Orbed continent, the sun; V. i. 271.
Other gates, in another way; V. i. 194.
"*O, the twelfth day of December,*" the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86.
Over-swear, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269.
Owe = own; I. v. 320.

Parish-top; alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.
Part, in part, partly; III. iv. 366.
Passages, acts; III. ii. 75.
Pass upon (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.
Pedant, schoolmaster; III. ii. 78.
Peevish, silly, wilful; I. v. 310.
"*Peg-a-Ramsay,*" the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.
Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.

Perchance, by chance; I. ii. 6.
Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; IV. ii. 79.
Perpend, attend, listen; V. i. 299.
Personage, personal appearance; I. v. 160.
Perspective, deception; V. i. 217.
Pilchard, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 38.
Pipe, voice; I. iv. 32.
"Please one, and please all." The title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591-92; printed in Staunton's Shakespeare); III. iv. 25.
Pluck on, excite; V. i. 366.
Point-devise, exactly; II. v. 165.
Points, suspenders; I. v. 23.

From a MS. (6976 Paris National Library of *The Four Sons of Aymon.* The figure (of a man partially stripped for execution) shows how the "points" secured the hose to the upper garment.

Possess us, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 144.
Post, messenger; I. v. 294.
Practice, plot; V. i. 352.
Praise = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 259.
Pranks, adorns; II. iv. 88.
Pregnant, clever, expert; II. ii. 29; III. i. 97.
Present, i.e. present wealth; III. iv. 369.
Presently, immediately; III. iv. 213.
Prevented, anticipated; III. i. 90.
Private, privacy; III. iv. 97.
Probation, examination; II. v. 131.
Proof; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 131.
Proper, handsome; III. i. 140; own; V. i. 319.
Proper-false, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 30.
Propertied, taken possession of; IV. ii. 95.
Propriety, individuality, thyself; V. i. 146.
Pure, purely; V. i. 82.

Question; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 90.
Quick, living, lively; I. i. 9.
Quinapalus, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 35.
Quirk, humour, caprice; III. iv. 264.

Receiving, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 127.
Recollected, variously interpreted to mean (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps

popular refrains (? "terms" ="turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.

Record, memory; V. i. 246.

Recover, win; II. iii. 190.

Regard, look, glance; V. i. 212.

Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 347.

Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.

Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.

Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 282.

Round, plain; II. iii. 97.

Rub with crums, to clean; II. iii. 123.

Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 32.

Rudesby, blusterer; IV. i. 54.

Rute, behaviour; II. iii. 127.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 196.

Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.

Saint Bennet, probably St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 38.

Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 77.

Scout, watch; III. iv. 189.

Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.

Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 34.

"Shake your ears," an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 129.

She, woman; I. v. 250.

Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 5.

Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 108.

Sheriff's post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 152.

Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 166.

Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.

Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 79; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.

Skilless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.

Skills, matters; V. i. 288.

Skipping, wild, mad; I. v. 210.

'Slid, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 415.

'Slight, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 35; III. ii. 12.

Sheriff's Post. From a specimen preserved at Norwich.

Sneck up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 96.

Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 184; III. iv. 301.

Sound, clear; I. iv. 33.

Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 125.

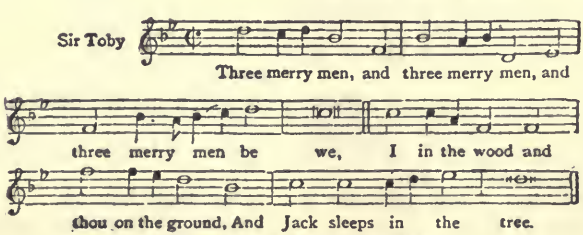
Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.

Spoke, said; I. iv. 20.

Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 162.

Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 164.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 116.
State=condition, fortune; I. v. 288; V. i. 63.
State, chair of State; II. v. 47.
Stitches, a sharp pain; III. ii. 71.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 138.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 48.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 124.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 173.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 212.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 16.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 146.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 297.
Substractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 36.
Suited, clad; V. i. 234.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 322.
Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 212.
Swarths, swaths; II. iii. 155.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 43.

Tabor, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
Taffeta, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 75.
Tainting of, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 137.
Take up, acknowledge; V. i. 147.
Tall, used ironically; I. iii. 20.
Tang, twang; II. v. 152.
Tartar, Tartarus; II. v. 210.
Taste, put to use, try; III. i. 84.
Taxation, tax, demand; I. v. 219.
Tender, hold dear; V. i. 125.
Terms, words. "recollected terms," *vide*; II. iv. 5.
Testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.
"*There dwelt a man in Babylon,*" a line from the old ballad of *Susanna* (*cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 151); II. iii. 81.
"*Three merry men be we,*" a fragment of an old song;



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

frequently quoted by the dramatists (*cp.* Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 78.

Throw, a throw with the dice, hence "cast, or venture"; V. i. 41.

Tillyvally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 80.

Time-pleaser, timeserver, flatterer; II. iii. 153.

Tinkers, menders of old brass; "proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians"; II. iii. 90.

Trade, business; III. i. 80.

Travel of regard, looking about; II. v. 55.

Tray-trip, a game like backgammon; II. v. 193.

Trouble; "your tr." the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 34.

Trunks, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare's time; III. iv. 393.

Tuck, rapier; III. iv. 240.

Tuck.

From a specimen in the possession of Lord Londesborough.

Unauspicious, inauspicious; V. i. 112.

Unchary, heedlessly; III. iv. 218.

Ungird, relax; IV. i. 16.

Unhatched, "unhacked, not blunted by blows"; III. iv. 253.

Unprizable, invaluable; V. i. 54.

Unprofited, profitless; I. iv. 22.

Upon, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 361.

Use, usury; III. i. 55.

Validity, value; I. i. 12.

Venerable, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 386.

Vice, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 128.

Viol-de-gamboys; Sir Toby's blunder for *viol da gamba,* a bass-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 25.

Vouchsafed, vouchsafing; III. i. 96.

Wainropes, waggon-ropes; III. ii. 62.

Viol-de-gamboys. From the alchemial MS. in the Harleian collection.

Ware; "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 49. (See illustration.)

Was, had been; IV. iii. 6.

Waters; "I am for all waters," *i.e.* "I can turn my hand to anything: like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 66.

Weaver; alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.

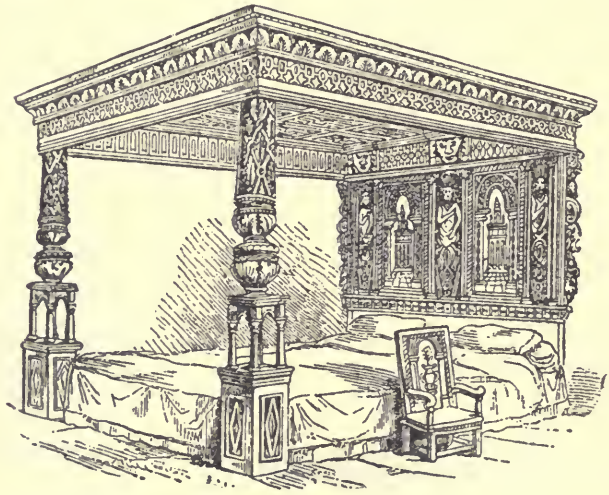
Weeds, garments; V. i. 255.

"Westward-ho!" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 141.

What, at which; IV. iii. 30.

What's she = who is she; I. ii. 35.

Whiles = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.



The Great Bed, at Ware.

Welkin, sky; II. iii. 58; III. i. 63.

Well-a-day, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 112.

Were best, had better; III. iv. 12.

Were better, had better; II. ii. 27.

Whipstock, whip-handle; II. iii. 28.

Windy, safe; III. iv. 177.

With, by; I. v. 86.

Wits; "five wits," viz., "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 90.

Woodcock, a bird popularly

supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 85; IV. ii. 61.

Worth, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

Yare, ready, active; III. iv. 240.

'Yeoman of the wardrobe,' a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 42.

Zanies; "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 91.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. '*sound*'; so the Folios; Pope changed it to '*south*', and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"

I. i. 22. '*like fell and cruel hounds*'; referring to the story of Actæon.

I. i. 38. '*all supplied, and fill'd*'; the comma after 'supplied' is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket '*her sweet perfections*' in the next line; making them appositional to '*thrones.*'

I. i. 15. '*Arion on the dolphin's back*'; the Folios misprint

Arion on the dolphin's back.
From B. Küchler's *Repræsentatio der Fürstlichen Auffzug. . . . Herren Joh. Friedrich Hertzogen zu Württenberg* (1609).

'Orion' for *'Arion.' Cp.* the famous passage—"Oberon's Vision"—in *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

I. iii. 70-71. *'bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink'*; "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).

I. iii. 96. *'Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair'*; Sir Toby evidently plays upon 'tongues' and 'tongs' (i. e. curling-tongs).

I. iii. 120. *'an old man'*; Theobald proposed to read *'a noble man,'* taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains *'an old man'* as 'a man of experience'; "the word *old,*" he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."

I. iii. 141. *'That's sides and heart'*; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.

I. iv. 3. *'three days'*; Mr. Daniel points out in his 'Time Analysis' that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 102, *'Three months this youth hath tended upon me.'*

II. i. 17. *'Messaline'*; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.

II. iii. 17. *'the picture of "we three"'*; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, *'We three loggerheads be,'* the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).

II. iii. 23-25. *'Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus,'* etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these 'freaks of nomenclature' the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare,* pp. 155, 156).

II. iii. 40. *'O mistress mine,'* etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons,* 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *'O mistress mine,'* was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).

II. iii. 117. *'Out o' tune, sir: ye lie'*; Theobald proposed *'time, sir?'* which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to

the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring '*no, no, no, you dare not*' (*i.e.* dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words '*Art any more than a steward,*' addressed to Malvolio.

II. v. 41. '*the lady of the Strachy*'; this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV. ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596-99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest '*Strozzi,*' '*Stracci,*' '*Stratarch.*' Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy.*

II. v. 65, 66. '*with cars*'; so Folio 1; the later Folios, '*with carcs*'; Johnson, '*with carts*'; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares '*A team of horse shall not pluck that from me*' (*Two Gentlemen,* III. i. 265); Hanmer's suggestion '*by th' cars*' has been generally adopted.

II. v. 155. '*yellow stockings*': these were much worn in Shakespeare's time, and have still survived to our own day in the yellow stockings worn by the 'Blue Coat boys.'

III. i. 54. '*these,*' *i.e.* these coins which Viola has given him.

III. i. 60. '*Cressida was a beggar*'; 'according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.'

III. i. 69. '*And, like the haggard, check at every feather*'; so the Folios; Johnson proposed '*not*' for '*and,*' and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; '*to check*' is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be 'that he must catch at every opportunity,' but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's '*not.*'

III. i. 73. '*wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit*'; Folio 1, '*wisemens folly falne*'; Hanmer and Warburton, '*wise men's folly shown*'; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted

III. i. 128. '*a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart*'; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the '*cypress*' is not its blackness but its transparency. *Cp.* '*The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*':—

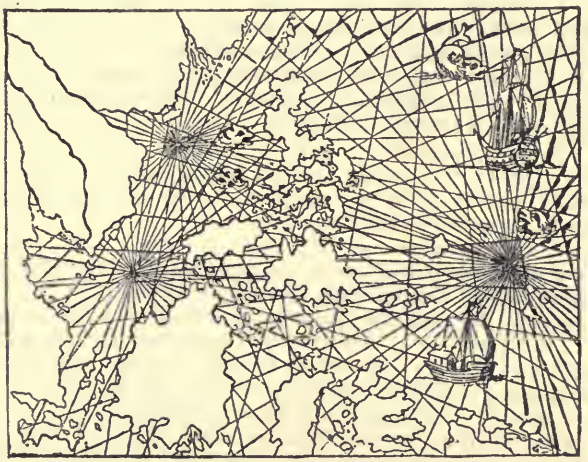
"Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
All in a comely grace."

'*Bosom*' must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of 'the bosom of the dress' which conceals the body. Olivia says, 'you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher.'

III. ii. 26. '*sailed into the north,*' etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (*Cp.* C. H. Coote's paper on '*the new map,*' I. 83. *New Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1878).

III. ii. 68. '*youngest wren of nine*'; Folio, '*mine,*' emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.

III. ii. 83. '*the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*'; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*, calls 'the best map of the 16th century': it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a



Part (showing Borneo, Celebes, etc.) of a map of the Indies in Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages into the E. and W. Indies* (1598).

separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Molineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79).

III. iii. 15. '*And thanks; and ever* [*thanks, and*] *oft good turns.*' The Cambridge editors indicate by dots that some word has dropped out between '*ever*' and '*oft.*' Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald's suggestion has been adopted; the Old Spelling Shakespeare reads

'*And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . .*

'ever oft' in the sense of 'with perpetual frequency.'

IV. i. 14-15. '*I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney*'; so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change '*world*' into '*word*' (*i.e.* with reference to 'vent'): others read '*this great lubberly world*'; Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, 'I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney.' This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.

IV. ii. 14. '*the old hermit of Prague*'; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."

IV. ii. 40. '*clearstories*'; Folio 1, '*cleere stores*'; Folio 2, '*cleare stones*'; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: '*clerestory*' is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

IV. ii. 135. '*goodman devil*'; Folio 1, 'good *man diuell*'; Rowe's '*goodman Drivel,*' seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads '*good man Direll.*'

V. i. 113. '*My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out*'; the Folios '*haue,*' corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object ('*faithfull'st offerings*') preceding the verb.

V. i. 200-1. '*a passy measures pavin*'; Folio 1, '*panyn*'; Folio 2, '*Pavin*'; various emendations have been suggested, but there is little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. '*Passy measures*' is a corruption of the Italian '*passamezzo,*' which

word Florio explains as 'a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace'; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. '*Pavin*' was a grave Spanish dance. *Cp.* Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, 201 ff. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—

Passo-e-mezzo. Pavana.

From *Il Ballarino di M. Fabritio Caroso da Sermoneta* (Venice, 1581).

"*The passinge measure Pavyon*—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that 'the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb.'

V. i. 362. '*against.*' Tyrwhitt's conjecture '*in*' has a good deal in its favour; '*against*' may have been caught from line 360.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Duke.*] Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich, from which," he says, "a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out," further remarks: "A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus, the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople, she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers, and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust."

5-7. *like the sweet sound*, etc.:—Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:—

> "Now gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils."

22, 23. *like fell and cruel hounds,* etc.:—Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients,* supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had seen and here recalled Daniel's 5th Sonnet:—

> "Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
> And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
> All unawares a goddesse chaste I finde,
> (Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
> . . . . . .
> My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death," etc.

Daniel in turn may have drawn upon Whitney's *Emblems,* 1586:—

> "those whoe do pursue
> Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
> Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
> And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
> And as his howndes, so theire affections base
> Shall them devoure, and all theire deedes deface."

Whitney may have recurred to Adlington's dedication to his translation of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "For by the fable of Actæon, . . . may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."

30. *season*:—The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 69-72:—

> "Jesu Maria, what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!"

Scene II.

15. *Arion*:—Rolfe says: "The allusion is to the classical story of the minstrel Arion, who, when the sailors were about to murder him for his money, asked leave to play a 'swan-song' before he died, after which he threw himself into the sea, and was borne safely to land by one of the dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his music." Halliwell observes that the simile was familiar to the Poet and his audience, both from the classical story and from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day.

28, 29. *I have heard*, etc.:—"One of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art," says Clarke. "By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word *bachelor* we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest."

56. *as an eunuch*:—This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*.

Scene V.

166. *shrewishly*:—"It is worthy of note," says Clarke, "not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct."

213. *Some mollification for your giant*:—Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant; an ironical allusion to Maria's smallness of stature.

270. *In voices well divulged*:—Perhaps well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time; or the meaning may be well *voiced* or spoken of by others.

304. *Unless the master were the man*:—Malone interprets this passage as follows: "Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far and disgrace

myself." Steevens says she may mean, "this is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man." Clarke explains it: "Unless the master's love for me were felt by the man."

319. *Mine eye,* etc.:—She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she may not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

321. *be this so*:—Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich," thus continues the argument: "At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself; nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, 'Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.'"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

35. *murder me*:—It may be that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce, the pedler, says to him, "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests

in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."

Scene II.

13. *She took the ring*:—Clarke says that "Viola, perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself."

21. *her eyes had lost her tongue*:—That is, says Hudson, "her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgement."

Scene III.

10-12. *the four elements*, etc.:—In ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:—

> "Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
> And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

52. *Sweet and twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

58. *make the welkin dance*:—That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

59, 60. *draw three souls*, etc.:—Shakespeare represents weavers much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a tumid way of saying that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man. Warburton deemed this passage an allusion to the three souls of the Peripatetic philosophy. This inspired Coleridge to

remark: "O genuine and inimitable (at least I hope so) Warburton! This note of thine, if but one in five millions, would be half a one too much."

86. *O, the twelfth day,* etc.:—With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in 2 *Henry IV.,* where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O, the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner. Peg-a-Ramsay,* or *Peggy Ramsay,* was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

Scene IV.

26-39. *What kind of woman,* etc.:—In common with others, Brandes sees in this passage a revelation of the Poet's unhappiness consequent upon his own marriage. Says Brandes: "Ordinary knowledge of the world is sufficient to suggest that his association with a village girl eight years older than himself could not satisfy him or fill his life. The study of his works confirms this conjecture. It would, of course, be unreasonable to attribute conscious and deliberate autobiographical import to speeches torn from their context in different plays; but there are none the less several passages in his dramas which may fairly be taken as indicating that he regarded his marriage in the light of a youthful folly." Whereupon Brandes quotes this passage. And Elze, agreeing with this view, asks: "Is it possible not to recognize this to be the Poet's grief at his own unfortunate marriage?" He adds: "It is obviously wisdom that has sprung from sorrow." Mabie, however, like Halliwell and others, views the matter differently. "The tradition that he was an unhappy husband is based entirely on the assumption that, while his family remained in Stratford, for twelve years he was almost continuously absent in London, and that he seems to speak with deep feeling about the disastrous effects of too great intimacy before marriage, and of the importance of a woman's marrying a man older than herself.

This is, however," continues Mabie, "pure inference, and it is perilous to draw inferences of this kind from phrases which a dramatist puts into the mouths of men and women who are interpreting, not their author's convictions and feelings, but a phase of character, a profound human experience, or the play of that irony which every playwright from Æschylus to Ibsen has felt deeply. The dramatist reveals his personality as distinctly as does the lyric poet, but not in the same way. Shakespeare's view of life, his conception of human destiny, his attitude toward society, his ideals of character, are to be found, not in detached passages framed and coloured by dramatic necessities, but in the large and consistent conception of life which underlies the entire body of his work."

Scene V.

72. *Saying*, etc.:—"Malvolio the count," says Lloyd, "promises unbecoming reminiscence of Malvolio the steward; and Olivia, 'left in a day-bed sleeping,' is forgotten for the enjoyment of the branched gown, the state, the rich jewel, and the opportunity of being surly with servants, and snubbing his old enemy, and now his kinsman, Toby."

82. *'One Sir Andrew'*:—It may be worthy of remark that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in *The Arabian Nights*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized*, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

161. *The Fortunate-Unhappy*:—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and "most excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our

merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanced plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

23, 24. *words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them*:—This is believed to be an allusion to the order of the Privy Council in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside*, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex," the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This, of course, was little short of entire suppression of the playhouses. Words were disgraced by bonds inasmuch as imprisonment was the penalty for violation of the order.

Scene II.

46. *if thou thou'st him*:—This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to

thou Sir Walter, unless there were some preëxisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was may be seen by the following passage from *The Rule of St. Bridget*: "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me*!"

Scene III.

[*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*] We find the twin-brother Sebastian to have conciliated as unconsciously as effectually the affectionate friendship of the generous nature of Antonio. This Scene interests us in Sebastian on his own account, but even more by indicating the sympathy of his nature with that of Viola—it prepares us to witness and take pleasure in his accidental succession to her favour with Olivia.

Scene IV.

59. *midsummer madness*:—"'Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

254. *on carpet consideration*:—The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

397. *so do not I*:—That is, "I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

20. *There's money for thee*:—Lloyd notes this parallel: "Viola in the first Scene, her shipwreck notwithstanding, and from funds which we do not impeach poetical omnipotence by inquiring into, pays the Captain bounteously for cheering hopes, 'for saying so there 's gold.' The incident has its use in removing from her from the first the unpleasant associations of necessity, and leaving us at ease in the freedom of her actions and inclinations; but it also enables us to recognize in the 'open hand' of Sebastian, when he gives money to the troublesome Clown, the expression of twin disposition with his sister."

Scene II.

24. 25. *Malvolio the lunatic*:—"The Malvolio of the madhouse," says Herford, "is a figure some degrees less comic than the Malvolio of the garden-scene, and his indignant yet tempered protest, when released, insensibly excites in the modern reader a sympathy which removes him for the moment from the region of comedy altogether."

61. *woodcock*:—The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

98. *the minister is here*:—The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.

128. *vice*:—The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and carried a dagger or lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines which close this Scene are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of that ancient theatrical personification, the *vice*.

Scene III.

1. Hudson thus continues his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

20. *conclusions to be as kisses*:—Warburton thought this should read, "conclusion to be asked, is"; upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

158. *interchangement of your rings*:—In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

164. *on thy case?*—The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

269-272. *And all those sayings,* etc.:—It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia; complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

326. *Your master's mistress*:—Hudson concludes his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom."

362. *Maria writ the letter,* etc.:—"Now Maria writ the letter," says Daniel, "at the 'importance' of her own love of mischief; the plot originated entirely with her, though Sir Toby and the rest eagerly joined in it. And when could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to."

389-408. *When that I,* etc.:—"It is to be regretted, perhaps," says Staunton, "that this 'nonsensical ditty,' as Steevens terms it, has not long since been degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden, or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which the performer indulged in hideous grimace and a grotesque sort of 'Jump Jim Crow' dance." Weiss, however, finds it somewhat of more significance: "When the play is over, the

Duke plighted to his page, Olivia rightly married to the wrong man, and the whole romantic ravel of sentiment begins to be attached to the serious conditions of life, Feste is left alone upon the stage. Then he sings a song which conveys to us his feeling of the world's impartiality: all things proceed according to law; nobody is humoured; people must abide the consequences of their actions, 'for the rain it raineth every day.' A 'little tiny boy' may have his toy; but a man must guard against knavery and thieving: marriage itself cannot be sweetened by swaggering; whoso drinks with 'toss-pots' will get a 'drunken head': it is a very old world, and began so long ago that no change in its habits can be looked for. The grave insinuation of this song is touched with the vague, soft bloom of the play. As the noises of the land come over sea well-tempered to the ears of islanders, so the world's fierce, implacable roar reaches us in the song, sifted through an air that hangs full of the Duke's dreams, of Viola's pensive love, of the hours which music flattered. The note is hardly more presageful than the cricket's stir in the late silence of a summer. How gracious hath Shakespeare been to mankind in this play! He could not do otherwise than leave Feste all alone to pronounce its benediction; for his heart was a nest of songs whence they rose to whistle with the air of wisdom. Alas for the poor fool in *Lear* who sang to drown the cries from a violated nest!"

Questions on Twelfth Night.

1. What position in the time-scheme of Shakespeare's comedies does this one occupy?

2. Give the meaning of the play.

3. What characters of this play and what parts of the action were original with Shakespeare?

4. What resemblances in parts does this comedy bear to earlier ones of Shakespeare?

ACT FIRST.

5. In what way does the opening passage indicate the theme and the atmosphere of the play?

6. Indicate your impression of the Duke, derived from his opening speech. In what sense does Shakespeare here and elsewhere use the word *fancy*?

7. To what kind of a life had Olivia devoted herself previous to the opening of the play?

8. Is such word-play as *Illyria-Elysium* common in Shakespeare?

9. How is Sebastian introduced into the play, and what feeling is conveyed as to his fate? What is indicated by the degree of attention given to him?

10. What two facts does Viola furnish about Orsino? How do these facts assist the moral credibility of the plot?

11. What design has Viola evidently formed as indicated in Sc. ii. 42 *et seq.*?

12. Does the question of means of maintenance enter into Viola's thought of her future?

13. Do Sir Toby and Maria declare themselves as lovers in Sc. iii.? How is Sir Andrew's part in the action made clear to the spectator?

14. What mental qualities does Sir Andrew exhibit in his scene with Sir Toby and Maria?

15. Why did the Duke not woo for himself? What directions concerning her mission does he give Viola?

16. What manner of life does the Duke affect?

17. Interpret (Sc. v.) *God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.*

18. In what danger of his position does the Clown stand at the opening of the comedy? How does he reëstablish himself in Olivia's favour? What is his comment on her mourning?

19. What is Malvolio's opinion of Feste? Account for his spleen.

20. How does Olivia retort upon Malvolio?

21. What parleying occurs before Viola is introduced to Olivia? How was the scene between Olivia and Sir Toby foreshadowed?

22. Consider Malvolio's way of reporting the persistence of the Duke's messenger in the light of his opinion of professional fools. Does he here make himself one of the *fools' zanies*?

23. What touch of humour does Viola give to her reply when asked if she is a comedian?

24. In her interview with Olivia, how does Viola in effect say all that the Duke would have her say, and yet avoid the banality of repeating his love-speech?

25. Compare the situations in *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* of a woman falling in love with a disguised woman; from the point of view of Olivia and Phebe what was there in the situation to interest Shakespeare?

26. Review the causes for the action that the first Act has laid down.

ACT SECOND.

27. What element of the plot was not introduced in the first Act?

28. What tribute to Viola does Sebastian offer that would disprove any possible theory that Viola used artifice in attracting Olivia's attention, and thus assisting her own case with the Duke?

29. Explain the friendship of Antonio and Sebastian.

30. How does Viola discover that Olivia has fallen in love with her? In her review of the facts what conclusion does she reach? Imagine Helena so placed; how would she have decided?

31. Compare Sir Andrew's and Malvolio's attitude towards the Clown. What traits are put to Sir Andrew's advantage? How does Sir Andrew compare his own and Sir Toby's fooling?

32. In selecting the song for the Clown to sing, why was the choice made of a love-song?

33. How is the antagonism of Malvolio foreshadowed? How is Malvolio's lack of imagination indicated by Sir Toby?

34. Was Malvolio a Puritan? What was the reason for Maria's special animus against him?

35. What attitude as lovers do the men of the under plot take in common?

36. What conviction does the Duke hold of his own constancy? How does Feste comment on the fact of it later?

37. What is the Duke's comment on marriage? How has it been interpreted as a personal confession of the Poet? In holding the view that Shakespeare embodied a personal opinion, is there any antagonism to the canon of dramatic art that demands objectivity?

38. Does the situation and veiled confession of Viola controvert the assertion of Orsino (iv. 95 *et seq.*) as to woman's love?

39. Is there a noticeable increase in intensity of passion in the Duke as he dismisses Viola on the second quest?

40. Why is Fabian made the *third* auditor, instead of the fool, as Maria had promised? What grievance had Fabian against Malvolio?

41. How does this scene resemble the one in *All's Well that Ends Well* when Parolles is put to his questions?

42. What are Malvolio's ambitions? What had evidently been Olivia's attitude towards him previously?

43. Who of the listeners takes the most unalloyed joy in the absurd exhibition of Malvolio? Is there any purpose in bringing one in to see the thing from the motive of pure love of fun?

44. What quality does Malvolio chiefly lack? Where is this shown ironically?

ACT THIRD.

45. What are Viola's comments on the office of the fool? Does the passage between Viola and the Clown contribute anything to the progress of the plot?

46. How is the device of the ring that Olivia sent after Viola disposed of?

47. To what artifice does Olivia resort for securing the continued visits of Viola? Contrast the intellectual sincerity of the

two women, having in view the increased difficulties of Viola's position.

48. What is the reason of Sir Andrew's discouragement over his wooing of Olivia? How is this motive made to furnish one of the comic episodes of the play? How is assurance made that the episode will be comic?

49. How is postponement effected to bring on the Malvolio episode previously prepared for?

50. How is expectation as a dramatic effect wrought to a high pitch?

51. What is the purpose of the stay in the action that gives place to Sc. iii.?

52. What elements of this Scene contribute to the complication?

53. How is the occasion for the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew provided?

54. What dramatic necessity requires that the scene of Malvolio's fatuousness before Olivia be played during the absence of the knights?

55. What subtle analysis of Malvolio's infatuation does Sir Toby make? How is the practical joke continued?

56. Show how the complication of the drama is completed at the duel scene. Without providential interference, could Viola have extricated herself from the situation?

57. What is the dramatic purpose of Antonio's mistake in supposing Viola to be Sebastian?

58. What is foreshadowed in Sir Andrew's sudden revival of valour?

ACT FOURTH.

59. Does the Clown seem merely avaricious, or is there some apprehensiveness and provision for the future in his thought?

60. What purpose do you see in Shakespeare's not bringing the fool into the comic scenes of the third Act?

61. Do the mystifications of Sebastian partake of the nature of elements in the resolution?

62. Why does Feste dress the part of the parson, since Malvolio, whom he is to deceive, is out of sight?

63. What satire is intended in the dialogue between Malvolio and Feste disguised as Sir Topas?

64. In what way is the practical joke upon Malvolio brought to an end?

65. Does Shakespeare, in the soliloquy that Sebastian utters in Sc. iii., covertly insinuate that love is a kind of madness, even though the particular acts that bear such a stamp in the eyes of Sebastian are understood by the spectators to be within reason? What interpretation do you put upon Sebastian's readiness to plight troth with Olivia?

ACT FIFTH.

66. What is the effect of the two accusations put upon Viola by Antonio and by Olivia, and of her rejection by the Duke?

67. Do not Malvolio's words in the second Act, *'Tis but fortune; all is fortune,* furnish the key to the resolutions in this play?

68. What is effected by the comic interlude where the two knights appear with broken heads?

69. Is the scene of recognition convincing, considering that the brother and sister had been separated but three months?

70. Why is it that the resolution of many of Shakespeare's comedies presents situations of little interest?

71. Does Malvolio end his dramatic life without conversion?

72. Comment on the suitability of the concluding song to the temper of the play.

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73. Are any of Shakespeare's other masquerading maidens involved in such funny consequential situations as Viola?

74. Comment on the sense of humour which helps her out in her encounters with the women of the play.

75. Describe the three kinds of lovers that beset Olivia. Why does Sir Andrew never come into audience with her?

76. Indicate some points of Sir Toby's character. What fitness was there in the match between him and Maria? Comment on Maria's intellectual qualities.

77. What kinship exists between Sir Andrew, Shallow, and Slender?

78. What was Shakespeare's purpose in dividing the fun-making function between Fabian and the Clown? What is Fabian's dominant trait?

79. Comment on some of the following points in the Clown's character: his knowledge of the world and insight into the true characters of those about him; his refinement; his love of fun;

Questions

his prudence; his melancholy. What of his personal detachment from the action of the play?

80. Malvolio presents what Puritan qualities of the time? How is the Puritan prohibition of bear-baiting dealt with through him? As a lover, what makes him absurd? How near to him do lovers of the type of Benedick approach?

81. What view of love and marriage is subsumed in this play?

82. Hazlitt, in his essay on this play, distinguishes three kinds of comedy; namely, comedy of artificial life, comedy of sentiment, and comedy of nature. To which of these would you assign *Twelfth Night*?

The Tragedy of Othello

Desdemona

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

"THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuers times acted at the* | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | *his Maiesties Seruants.* | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622." *

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the "Tragedies" (pp. 310-339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the Folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers' Regis-*

* Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good I hope euery man will commend, without interaty: and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours,* Thomas Walkley."

ter that it remained his property until March 1st, 1627 (*i.e.* 1628) when he assigned "ORTHELLO *the More of Venice*" unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

Date of Composition. This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favour of 1604 as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favour of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last, about the year 1840, Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court,* containing the following item:—

> "*By the King's Matis Plaiers.* 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov, A play at the bankettinge House att Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis [1604].'" *

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say, there is every reason to believe that though 'the book' itself is spurious, the information which it

* *v. Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1842.

yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp.* pp. 351-357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III. iv. 46, 47:—

> *'The hearts of old gave hands;*
> *But our new heraldry is hands not hearts,'*

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—"*They (our forefathers) had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another.*"

The Original Othello. From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

> "*But let me not forget one chiefest part*
> *Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,*
> *The grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave,*
> *Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,*
> *Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.*
> *All these and many more with him are dead.*"*

The Source of the Plot. The story of '*Il Moro di Venezia*' was taken from the *Heccatommithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with "The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives." No English translation of the novel

* *v.* Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples* in *The Thousand and One Nights*; on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair*," writes Mr. Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learnt the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*"* (*vide* Furness, pp. 372-389. Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvellous beauty, named Disde-

* The title of the novel summarises its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to a wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband: it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer: the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

mona (*i.e.* 'the hapless one'),"* who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand," Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror† has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world."‡ "The most pathetic of human compositions."§

> "Dreams, Books, are each a world: and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
> Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,
> Matter wherein right voluble I am,
> To which I listen with a ready ear;
> Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—
> The gentle Lady married to the Moor:
> And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb."

* This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in "*The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie*: and of both their several *fortunes in Love. At London*, 1605."

† Mrs. Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief: it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, etc.

‡ Macaulay.

§ Wordsworth—"The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness's *Othello*, pp. 407-453.)

Duration of Action. The action seems to cover three days:—Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Acts III., IV., V., one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358-372).

According to Mr. Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Act III., one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV. Sc. i., ii., iii.; Act V. Sc. i., ii., iii., one day: where Act IV. begins with what is now Act III. Sc. iv., and Act V. with the present Act IV. Sc. iii.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Desdemona, a beautiful and high-born Venetian maiden, is wooed and won by Othello, a Moorish general, whose dusky skin cannot conceal a chivalrous and adventurous spirit such as women love. Desdemona's father, Brabantio, learning of their secret marriage, is much incensed and goes before the Duke of Venice and complains that his daughter has been stolen from him. But it so happens that Othello's warlike qualities are in demand upon the very night in which these affairs culminate. He has been in the service of the Venetian government, and the state now requires his presence in Cypress to oppose a Turkish fleet. He is therefore suffered to depart in peace with his wife Desdemona, especially since she, in the council chamber, declares her love and confidence in him.

II. Iago, Othello's ancient or ensign, has sworn secret enmity against his master because the Moor raised Cassio instead of himself to the chief lieutenancy. The enmity has taken the form of carefully laid plots, which began with the very nuptial night of Othello. In Cyprus, whither Othello and his train repair, the plots have abundant time for ripening. A storm has wrecked the Turkish fleet, and Othello remains in command on land amid a general revelry, authorized by him, to celebrate the dispersion of the enemy and in honor of his own nuptials. During the feasting Iago makes Cassio drunk and involves him in a street brawl. Othello arrives on the scene and deprives the officer of his lieutenancy.

III. Iago advises Cassio to sue for favor and restoration of rank through Desdemona, since Othello will deny her nothing. Cassio, unsuspicious of treachery, obtains an interview with her, and Iago lures Othello to the scene—innocent enough, but greeted by Iago with an ominous shake of the head. Othello, seeing the gesture, questions his ensign, whereupon the latter instils the poison of jealousy into his master's ears, making him to doubt Desdemona's relations with Cassio. The doubt is intensified when that lady, in the kindness of her heart, intercedes for Cassio. Henceforward Iago loses no opportunity to add to his master's jealousy. He procures by stealth a handkerchief given by Othello to Desdemona, and causes it to be found in Cassio's possession.

IV. Othello becomes convinced that his wife has been untrue to him. He determines upon her death, and charges his supposed friend Iago with the task of despatching Cassio. Nothing loth, Iago embroils Cassio in a night combat with Roderigo, a former suitor of Desdemona's, entangled in the meshes of Iago.

V. Cassio wounds Roderigo. Iago desires the death of both, and so, unseen, stabs Cassio. Meanwhile Othello goes to Desdemona's bedchamber and smothers her to death. Emilia, the wife of Iago and devoted servant of Desdemona, proves to Othello that the wife he has just murdered is innocent. Iago kills Emilia. Othello wounds Iago, then kills himself. Cassio, who still lives, is advanced to the government of Cyprus. Iago is reserved for lingering torture.

II.

Iago and Roderigo.

Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in

so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour, which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me—

which falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint—

Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those, who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes:—

And, by the faith of man,
I know my place, I am worth no worse a place.

I think Tyrwhitt's reading of " life " for " wife "—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wife*—

the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that intellectual power. In what follows, let the reader feel how by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining, are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately, because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward

weakness;—but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it. . . .

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretence; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Wonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Iago has no other aim than his own advantage. It is the circumstance that not he, but Cassio, has been appointed second in command to Othello, which first sets his craft to work on subtle combinations. He

coveted this post, and he will stick at nothing in order to win it. In the meantime, he takes advantage of every opportunity of profit that offers itself; he does not hesitate to fool Roderigo out of his money and his jewels. He is always masked in falsehood and hypocrisy; and the mask he has chosen is the most impenetrable one, that of rough outspokenness, the straightforward, honest bluntness of the soldier who does not care what others think or say of him. He never flatters Othello or Desdemona, or even Roderigo. He is the free-spoken, honest friend.

He does not seek his own advantage without side-glances at others. He is mischievousness personified. He does evil for the pleasure of hurting, and takes active delight in the adversity and anguish of others. He is that eternal envy which merit or success in others never fails to irritate—not the petty envy which is content with coveting another's honours or possessions, or with holding itself more deserving of another's good fortune. No; he is an ideal personification. He is blear-eyed rancour itself, figuring as a great power—nay, as *the* motive force—in human life. He embodies the detestation for others' excellences which shows itself in obstinate disbelief, suspicion, or contempt; the instinct of hatred for all that is open, beautiful, bright, good, and great.

Shakespeare not only knew that such wickedness exists; he seized it and set his stamp on it, to his eternal honour as a psychologist.

Every one has heard it said that this tragedy is magnificent in so far as the true and beautiful characters of Othello and Desdemona are concerned; but Iago—who knows him?—what motive underlies his conduct?—what can explain such wickedness? If only he had even been frankly in love with Desdemona, and therefore hated Othello, or had had some other incentive of a like nature!

Yes, if he had been the ordinary amorous villain and slanderer, everything would undoubtedly have been much simpler; but, at the same time, everything would have sunk into banality, and Shakespeare would here have been unequal to himself.

No, no! precisely in this lack of apparent motive lies the profundity and greatness of the thing. Shakespeare understood this. Iago in his monologues is incessantly giving himself reasons for his hatred. Elsewhere, in reading Shakespeare's monologues, we learn what the person really is; he reveals himself directly to us; even a villain like Richard III. is quite honest in his monologues. Not so Iago. This demi-devil is always trying to give himself reason for his malignity, is always half fooling himself by dwelling on half motives, which he partly believes, but disbelieves in the main. Coleridge has aptly designated this action of his mind: "The motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." Again and again he expounds to himself that he believes Othello has been too familiar with his wife, and that he will avenge the dishonour. He now and then adds, to account for his hatred of Cassio, that he suspects him too of tampering with Emilia. He even thinks it worth while to allege, as a secondary motive, that he himself is enamoured of Desdemona.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Othello.

Othello must not be considered as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his

heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! —O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian State, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakespeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

COLERIDGE: *Table Talk.*

Now what is Othello? He is night. An immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of day. Darkness loves the dawn. The African adores the white woman. Desdemona is Othello's brightness and frenzy! And then how easy to him is jealousy! He is great, he is dignified, he is majestic, he soars above all heads, he has as an escort bravery, battle, the braying of trumpets, the banner of war, renown, glory; he is radiant with twenty victories, he is studded with stars, this Othello: but he is black. And thus how soon, when jealous, the hero becomes monster, the black becomes the negro! How

speedily has night beckoned to death! By the side of Othello, who is night, there is Iago, who is evil. Evil, the other form of darkness. Night is but the night of the world; evil is the night of the soul. How deeply black are perfidy and falsehood! To have ink or treason in the veins is the same thing. Whoever has jostled against imposture and perjury knows it. One must blindly grope one's way with roguery. Pour hypocrisy upon the break of day, and you put out the sun, and this, thanks to false religions, happens to God. Iago near Othello is the precipice near the landslip. "This way!" he says in a low voice. The snare advises blindness. The being of darkness guides the black. Deceit takes upon itself to give what light may be required by night. Jealousy uses falsehood as the blind man his dog. Iago the traitor, opposed to whiteness and candour, Othello the negro, what can be more terrible! These ferocities of the darkness act in unison. These two incarnations of the eclipse comprise together, the one roaring, the other sneering, the tragic suffocation of light.

HUGO: *William Shakespeare.*

The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be anything, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. Instead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgement directly from the subject him-

self, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage; Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft, so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honour for being taken in by him.

It seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery or external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust: that he must see, before he 'll doubt; that when he doubts, he 'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honour at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honour. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusion, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honour; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the

one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Desdemona.

At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises! perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returnd with tales of " antres vast and desarts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakspeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and

her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor. . . .

When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

> Something, sure, of state,
> Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
> Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
> Hath puddied his clear spirit.
> 'T is even so—
> Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
> Nor of them look for such observances
> As fit the bridal.

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being; she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enters her thought.

And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally; she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

Desd. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, sweet lady?
Desd. That which she says my lord did say I was.

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith

in his honour. "Would you had never seen him!" exclaims Emilia.

Desd. So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
Have grace and favour in them.

There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of *Othello*, we rather feel than perceive: through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never of reflection; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Emilia, Instrument of Nemesis.

It is Iago's own wife Emilia whose quick woman's wit is the first to pierce the web of intrigue, and stimulated by sight of her murdered mistress she gives her suspicions vent, though at the point of her husband's sword. The principle underlying this nemesis is one of the profoundest of Shakespeare's moral ideas—that evil not only corrupts the heart, but equally undermines the judgement. To Iago is applicable the biting sentence of *Junius*: "Virtue and simplicity have so long been synonymous that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of ability." It is because he knows himself unfettered by scruples that Iago feels himself infallible, and considers honest men fools; he never sees how his foul thoughts have blinded his perceptive powers, and made him blunder where simple men would have gone straight. True, he brings infinite acuteness to bear upon the details of his intrigues; but he never perceives, what the reader sees at a glance, that the whole ground of his action

in these intrigues—his suspicions that Emilia has been tampered with by Cassio and Othello—is a stupid mistake, which no one with any wholesome knowledge of human nature would make. And the same want of insight into honest human nature, which made him set up his atrocious schemes, is the cause now of their failure. He thought he had foreseen everything: it never occurred to him that his wife might betray him *with nothing to gain by such betrayal*, simply from affection and horror.

> I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
> Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
> The Moor hath kill'd my mistress!

In vain Iago seeks to stop her mouth; a few words put all the suspicious circumstances together, until in rage and spite Iago stabs Emilia, though the blow seals his own ruin. This detail is a fresh touch in the perfection of the nemesis upon Iago: in a sense different from what he intended he is now "evened" with Othello, "wife for wife." The nemesis draws items of equal retribution from all the intrigues of Iago. It was on account of Emilia that he played the villain, and it is Emilia who betrays him. He had made a tool of Roderigo, and the contents of the dead Roderigo's pockets furnish the final links of evidence against him. His main purpose was to oust Cassio both from office and life: Cassio lives to succeed Othello as Governor, and make his first official act the superintendence of Iago's torturing.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VI.

Other Characters.

The subordinate figures are worked out with hardly less skill than the principal characters of the tragedy. Emilia especially is inimitable—good-hearted, honest,

and not exactly light, but still sufficiently the daughter of Eve to be unable to understand Desdemona's naive and innocent chastity.

At the end of Act IV. (in the bedroom scene) Desdemona asks Emilia if she believes that there really are women who do what Othello accuses her of. Emilia answers in the affirmative. Then her mistress asks again: "Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?" and receives the jesting answer, "The world 's a huge thing; it is a great price for a small vice:—

"Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world! . . . Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right."

In passages like this a mildly playful note is struck in the very midst of the horror. And according to his habit and the custom of the times, Shakespeare also introduces, by means of the Clown, one or two deliberately comic passages; but the Clown's merriment is subdued, as Shakespeare's merriment at this period always is.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female, but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife.

Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VII.

Spiritual Import of the Play.

Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the Poet's work might satisfy our critical judgement; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspere compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthy life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. The noble nature is taken in the toils because it

is noble. Iago suspects his wife of every baseness, but the suspicion has no other effect than to intensify his malignity. Iago could not be captured and constrained to heroic suffering and rage. The shame of every being who bears the name of woman is credible to Iago, and yet he can grate from his throat the jarring music:—

> "And let me the canakin clink, clink!
> And let me the canakin clink!"

There is, therefore, Shakspere would have us understand, something more inimical to humanity than suffering—namely, an incapacity for noble pain. To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling.

Such is the spiritual motive that controls the tragedy. And the validity of this truth is demonstrable to every sound conscience. No supernatural authority needs to be summoned to bear witness to this reality of human life. No pallid flame of hell, no splendour of dawning heaven, needs show itself beyond the verge of earth to illumine this truth. It is a portion of the ascertained fact of human nature, and of this our moral existence.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

The Tragedy of
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a senator.*

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio.*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus.*

The Tragedy of
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords

Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined
their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him: for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into a circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Hallo! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I 'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A council-chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
First Sen. Indeed they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

All. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [*To Othello*] What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic—
For such proceeding I am charged withal—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,

He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief,
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the

place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I 'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer 't; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see
She has deceived her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens: to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself!

drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I have

told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to: farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I 'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I for mere suspicion in that kind
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let 's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*A cry within*: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*
Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he 's well and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.
[*A cry within*: 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*] Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100
[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'ld have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors, 110
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—There 's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize:
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may';
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let 's meet him and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blest condition.

Iago. Blest fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and

main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not: I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for,

besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore

blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen; Servants following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well: God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go! [*Exit Roderigo.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what noise?
[*A cry within:* 'Help! help!'

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I 'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir, or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you 're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch indeed!
[*A bell rings.*
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[*Faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What 's the matter?

Oth. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed,
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
[*To Montano, who is led off.*
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and

by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*
Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit. She 's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!
Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: go; vanish into air; away!
[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't: I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Des. Nay, stay and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here.
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just
They 're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;
And where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beeseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this!
Think'st thou I 'ld make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you 're moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—

My lord, I see you 're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there 's the point: as—to be bold with you—
Not to effect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—
She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I 'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin: 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell,
Farewell! the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain; be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I 'll love no friend sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves';

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry ' O sweet creature! ' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor! '

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand:

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He 's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well. 20
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That 's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is 't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there 's magic in a web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed, is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purposed merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There 's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*

Something sure of state,
Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, by my faith, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthorized kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What, what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! 'Zounds, that 's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears and lips. Is 't possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief?—O devil!

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught:
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What 's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that 's but yoked
May draw with you: there 's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what, a customer! I prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my

chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she 'll rail i' the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That 's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.
Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [*Reads*] ' This fail you not to do as you will—'

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
What he might be: if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That 's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough: yet she 's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away!
Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there 's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here 's a change indeed!
[*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones?
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, for I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and

even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt more directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable

fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next. Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It 's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world 's a huge thing: it is a great price For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. A street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Retires.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain.
Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let 's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains?
What are you there? come in and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs Roderigo.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is 't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?
Iago. Who is 't that cried!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O
Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair?
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well said; the chair:
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air. [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!
Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: I 'll smell it on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. O, my fear interprets! what, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*
Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.

Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who 's there?

Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She 's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

What 's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont

And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'ld not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon 't: I think: I smell 't: O villany!
I thought so then: I 'll kill myself for grief:
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. 'Zounds! hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman!
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!
[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow.
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That 's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'ld have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abhor; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.
About, out; I. ii. 46.
Abuse, deceive; I. iii. 401.
Abused, deceived; I. i. 174.
Abuser, corrupter; I. ii. 78.
Achieved, won; II. i. 61.
Acknown on't, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.
Act, action, working; III. iii. 328.
Action, accusation; I. iii. 70.
Addiction, inclination; II. ii. 6.
Addition, honour; III. iv. 194.
Advantage; "in the best a.," at the most favourable opportunity; I. iii. 298.
Advised, careful; I. ii. 55.
Advocation, advocacy; III. iv. 123.
Affined, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.
Affinity, connexions; III. i. 49.
Agnize, confess with pride; I. iii. 232.
Aim, conjecture; I. iii. 6.
All in all, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 89.
Allowance; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 128.
Allowed, acknowledged; I. iii. 224.
All's one, very well; IV. iii. 23.
Almain, German; II. iii. 86.
Ancient, ensign (Folio 1, *"Auntient"*); I. i. 33.
Anthropophagi, cannibals (Quartos, *"Anthropophagie"*; Folio 1, *"Antropophague"*); I. iii. 144. For *'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Cp.* illustration.

From Kuchlein's illustrations of the Tourney held at Stuttgart, 1609.

Antres, caverns; I. iii. 140.
Apart, aside; II. iii. 391.
Approve, prove, justify; II. iii. 64.
——, love, adore; IV. iii. 19.
Approved, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 211.
Apt, natural; II. i. 295.
Arraigning, accusing; III. iv. 152.
Arrivance, arrival (Folios, *"Arrivancy"* or *"Arrivancie"*); II. i. 42.

As, as if; III. iii. 77.
Aspics, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.
Assay, a test; I. iii. 18.
——, try; II. i. 121.
Assure thee, be assured; III. iii. 20.
At, on; I. ii. 42.
Atone, reconcile; IV. i. 236.
Attach, arrest; I. ii. 77.
Attend, await; III. iii. 281.

Bauble, fool (used contemptuously); IV. i. 137.
Bear, the Constellation so called; II. i. 14.
Bear out, get the better of; II. i. 19.
Beer; "small beer," small accounts, trifles; II. i. 161.
Be-lee'd, placed on the lee (Quarto 1, "*be led*"); I. i. 30.
Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; III. iv. 150.
Besort, what is becoming; I. iii. 239.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. ii. 30.
Bestow, place; III. i. 56.
Betimes, early; I. iii. 383.
Bid "good morrow," alluding to the custom of friends bidding *good-morrow* by serenading a newly married couple on the morning after their marriage; III. i. 2.
Birdlime, lime to catch birds; II. i. 127.
Black, opposed to "fair"; III. iii. 263.
Blank, the white mark in the centre of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 128.
Blazoning, praising; II. i. 63.
Blood, anger, passion; II. iii. 205.
Blown, empty, puffed out; III. iii. 182.
Bobb'd, got cunningly; V. i. 16.
Boding, foreboding, ominous; IV. i. 22.
Bootless, profitless; I. iii. 209.
Brace, state of defence (properly, armour to protect the arm); I. iii. 24.
Brave, defy; V. ii. 326.
Bravery, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.
Bring on the way, accompany; III. iv. 197.
Bulk, the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale; V. i. 1.
Butt, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.
By, aside; V. ii. 30.
——, "how you say by," what say you to; I. iii. 17.
By and by, presently; II. iii. 309.

Cable; "give him c.," give him scope; I. ii. 17.
Caitiff, thing, wretch; a term of endearment; IV. i. 109.
Callet, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.
Calm'd, becalmed, kept from motion; I. i. 30.
Canakin, little can; II. iii. 71.
Cannibals; I. iii. 143. *Cp.* illustration.
Capable, ample; III. iii. 459.

From a rare old broadside depicting the habits of the aboriginal Mexicans.

Carack, large ship, galleon; I. ii. 50.

Caroused, drunk; II. iii. 55.

Carve for, indulge (Quarto 1, "*carve forth*"); II. iii. 173.

Case, matter (Folios, "*cause*"); III. iii. 4.

Cast, dismissed, degraded from office; V. ii. 327.

Censure, judgement; II. iii. 193.

——, opinion; IV. i. 273.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 16.

Chair; "a chair, to bear him easily hence"; V. i. 82. *Cp.* illustration.

From a plate in Sandy's Travels (1621), depicting a sick person carried to the sulphur-baths at Pozzuoli, near Naples.

Challenge, claim; I. iii. 188.

Chamberers, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.

Chances, events; I. iii. 134.

Charm, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.

Charmer, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.

Cherubin, cherub; IV. ii. 62.

Chidden, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.

Chide, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.

Chuck, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.

Circumscription, restraint; I. ii. 27.

Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 13.

——, appurtenances; III. iii. 354.

Circumstanced, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 201.

Civil, civilised; IV. i. 65.

Clean, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 366.

Clime, country; III. iii. 230.

Clip, embrace; III. iii. 464.

Clog, encumber (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*enclogge*"); II. i. 70.

Close, secret; III. iii. 123.

Close as oak = "close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.

Clyster-pipes, tubes used for injection; II. i. 179.

Coat, coat of mail; V. i. 25.

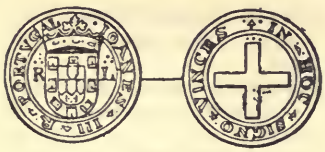
Cogging, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.

Collied, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 204.

Coloquintida, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 355.

Commoner, harlot; IV. ii. 72.

Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
Compasses, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
Compliment extern, external show; I. i. 63.
Composition, consistency; I. iii. 1.
Compt, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
Conceit, idea; thought (Quarto 1, "*counsell*"); III. iii. 115.
Conceits, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
Condition, temper, disposition; II. i. 255.
Confine, limit; I. ii. 27.
Conjunctive, closely united (Quarto 1, "*communicatiue*"; Quarto 2, "*conjectiue*"); I. iii. 375.
Conjured, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
Conscionable, conscientious; II. i. 242.
Consent in, plan together; V. ii. 297.
Consequence, that which follows or results; II. iii. 64.
Conserved, preserved (Quarto 1, "*conserues*"; Quarto 2, "*concerue*"); III. iv. 75.
Consuls, senators (Theobald, "*Couns'lers*"; Hanmer, "*counsel*"); I. ii. 43.
Content, joy; II. i. 185.
——, satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
Content you, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
Continuate, continual, uninterrupted (Quarto 1, "*conuenient*"); III. iv. 178.
Contrived, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
Conveniences, comforts; II. i. 234.
Converse, conversation; III. i. 40.
Cope, meet; IV. i. 87.
Corrigible, corrective; I. iii. 329.
Counsellor, prater (Theobald, "*censurer*"); II. i. 165.
Counter-caster, accountant (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
Course, proceeding (Quarto 1, "*cause*"); II. i. 275.
——, run (Quarto 1, "*make*"); III. iv. 71.
Court and guard of safety, "very spot and guarding place of safety" (Theobald, "*court of guard and safety*"); II. iii. 216.
Court of guard, the main guardhouse; II. i. 220.
Courtship, civility, elegance of manners (Quarto 1, "*courtesies*"); II. i. 171.
Coxcomb, fool; V. ii. 233.
Cozening, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
Crack, breach; II. iii. 330.
Creation, nature; II. i. 64.
Cries on, cries out (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*cries out*"); V. i. 48.
Critical, censorious; II. i. 120.
Crusadoes, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26. *Cp.* illustration.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

Cry, pack of hounds; II. iii. 370.

Cunning, knowledge; III. iii. 49.

Curled, having hair formed into ringlets, *hence* affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.

Customer, harlot; IV. i. 112.

Daffet, dost put off (Collier, "*d a ff ' s t*"; Quartos, "*doffst*"; Folio 1, "*dafts*"); IV. ii. 175.

Danger; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 197.

Darlings, favourites; I. ii. 68.

Daws, jack-daws; I. i. 65.

Dear, deeply felt; I. iii. 260.

Dearest, most zealous; I. iii. 85.

Debitor and creditor, "the title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping here used as a nick-name" (Clarke); I. i. 31.

Defeat, destroy; IV. ii. 160.

——, disfigure; I. iii. 346.

Defend, forbid; I. iii. 267.

Delations, accusations; III. iii. 123.

Delighted, delightful; I. iii. 290.

Deliver, say, relate; II. iii. 217.

Demand, ask; V. ii. 301.

Demerits, merits; I. ii. 22.

Demonstrable, "made d.," demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 142.

Denotement, denoting; II. iii. 323.

Deputing, substituting; IV. i. 248.

Designment, design; II. i. 22.

Desired; "well d.," well loved, a favourite; II. i. 206.

Despite, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.

Determinate, decisive; IV. ii. 232.

Devesting, divesting; II. iii. 179.

Diablo, the Devil; II. iii. 161.

Diet, feed; II. i. 302.

Dilate, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.

Directly, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 210.

Discontented, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.

Discourse of thought, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.

Dislikes, displeases; II. iii. 49.

Displeasure; "your d.," the disfavour you have incurred; III. i. 45.

Disports, sports, pastimes; I. iii. 272.

Dispose, disposition; I. iii. 403.

Disprove, refute; V. ii. 172.

Disputed on, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.

Distaste, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.

Division, arrangement; I. i. 23.

Do, act; I. iii. 395.

Dotage, affection for; IV. i. 27.

Double, of two-fold influence; I. ii. 14.
Double set, go twice round; II. iii. 135.
Doubt, suspicion; III. iii. 188.
——, fear; III. iii. 19.
Dream, expectation, anticipation; II. iii. 64.

Ecstacy, swoon; IV. i. 80.
Elements, a pure extract, the quintessence; II. iii. 59.
Embay'd, land-locked; II. i. 18.
Encave, hide, conceal; IV. i. 82.
Enchafed, chafed, angry; II. i. 17.
Engage, pledge; III. iii. 462.
Engines, devices, contrivances, (?) instruments of torture; IV. ii. 219.
Engluts, engulfs, swallows up; I. iii. 57.
Enshelter'd, sheltered; II. i. 18.
Ensteep'd, steeped, lying concealed under water (Quarto 1, "*enscerped*"); II. i. 70.
Entertainment, re-engagement in the service; III. iii. 250.
Enwheel, encompass, surround; II. i. 87.
Equinox, counterpart; II. iii. 129.
Erring, wandering; III. iii. 227.
Error, deviation, irregularity; V. ii. 109.
Escape, escapade, wanton freak; I. iii. 197.
Essential, real; II. i. 64.
Estimation, reputation; I. iii. 275.
Eternal, damned (used to express abhorrence); IV. ii. 130.
Ever-fixed, fixed for ever (Quartos, "*ever-fired*"); II. i. 15.
Execute, to wreak anger; II. iii. 228.
Execution, working; III. iii. 466.
Exercise, religious exercise; III. iv. 41.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 238.
Expert, experienced; II. iii. 82.
Expert and approved allowance, acknowledged and proved ability; II. i. 49.
Exsufflicate, inflated, unsubstantial; (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*exufflicate*"; Folio 4. "*exsufflicated*"); III. iii. 182.
Extern, eternal; I. i. 63.
Extincted, extinct (Folios 3. 4, "*extinctest*"; Rowe, "*extinguished*"); II. i. 81.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering; I. i. 137.

Facile, easy; I. iii. 23.
Falls, lets fall; IV. i. 248.
Fantasy, fancy; III. iii. 299.
Fashion, conventional custom; II. i. 208.
Fast, faithfully devoted; I. iii. 369.
Fathom, reach, capacity; I. i. 153.
Favour, countenance, appearance; III. iv. 125.
Fearful, full of fear; I. iii. 12.

Fell, cruel; V. ii. 362.
Filches, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.
Filth, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.
Fineless, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.
Fitchew, pole-cat (used contemptuously); IV. i. 150.
Fits, befits; III. iv. 150.
Fleers, sneers; IV. i. 83.
Flood, sea; I. iii. 135.
Flood-gate, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.
Folly, unchastity; V. ii. 132.
Fond, foolish; I. iii. 320.
Fopped, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 195.
For, because (Folios, "*when*"); I. iii. 269.
Forbear, spare; I. ii. 10.
Fordoes, destroys; V. i. 129.
Forfend, forbid; V. ii. 32.
Forgot; "are thus f.," have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 188.
Forms and visages, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.
Forth of, forth from, out of (Folio 1, "*For of*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*For off*"); V. i. 35.
Fortitude, strength; I. iii. 222.
Fortune, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.
Framed, moulded, formed; I. iii. 404.
Fraught, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.
Free, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.
——, liberal; I. iii. 266.
Frights, terrifies; II. iii. 175.
Frize, a kind of coarse woollen stuff; II. i. 127.
From, contrary to; I. i. 132.
Fruitful, generous; II. iii. 347.
Full, perfect; II. i. 36.
Function, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 354.
Fustian; "discourse f.," talk rubbish; II. iii. 282.

Galls, rancour, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 93.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. i. 314.
Garner'd, treasured; IV. ii. 57.
Gastness, ghastliness (Quartos 1, 2, "*ieastures*"; Quarto 3, "*jestures*"; Quarto 1687, "*gestures*"; Knight, "*ghastness*"); V. i. 106.
Gender, kind, sort; I. iii. 326.
Generous, noble; III. iii. 280.
Give away, give up; III. iii. 28.
Government, self-control; III. iii. 256.
Gradation, order of promotion; I. i. 37.
Grange, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.
Green, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 251.
Grise, step; I. iii. 200.
Gross in sense, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.
Guardage, guardianship; I. ii. 70.
Guards, guardians ("alluding to the star Arctophylax," Johnson); II. i. 15.
Guinea-hen, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 317.

Gyve, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 171.

Habits, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.
Haggard, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.
Hales, hauls, draws; IV. i. 141.
Haply, perhaps; II. i. 279.
Happ'd, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.
Happiness, good luck; III. iv. 108.
Happy; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.
Hard at hand, close at hand (Quartos, "*hand at hand*"); II. i. 268.
Hardness, hardship; I. iii. 234.
Hast-posthaste, very great haste; I. ii. 37.
Have with you, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.
Having, allowance (?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 92.
Hearted, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.
Heavy, sad; V. ii. 371.
——; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.
Heat, urgency; I. ii. 40.
Helm, helmet; I. iii. 273.
Herself, itself; I. iii. 96.
Hie, hasten; IV. iii. 50.
High suppertime, high time for supper; IV. ii. 245-6.
Hint, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.
Hip; "have on the h.," catch at an advantage (a term in wrestling); II. i. 314.
Hold, make to linger; V. ii. 334.
Home, to the point; II. i. 166.
Honestly, becoming; IV. i. 288.
Honey, sweetheart; II. i. 206.
Horologe, clock; II. iii. 130.
Housewife, hussy; IV. i. 95.
Hungerly, hungrily; III. iv. 105.
Hurt; "to be h.," to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.
Hydra, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 308.

Ice-brook's temper, i.e. a sword tempered in the frozen brook; alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.
Idle, barren; I. iii. 140.
Idleness, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 328.
Import, importance; III. iii. 316.
Importancy, importance; I. iii. 20.
In, on; I. i. 137.
Inclining, favourably disposed; II. iii. 346.
Incontinent, immediately; IV. ii. 12.
Incontinently, immediately; I. iii. 306.
Index, introduction, prologue; II. i. 263.
Indign, unworthy; I. iii. 274.
Indues, affects, makes sensitive; (Quarto 3, "*endures*"; Johnson conj. "*subdues*"); III. iv. 146.
Ingener, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.

Ingraft, ingrafted; II. iii. 145.
Inhibited, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.
Injointed them, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.
Injuries; "in your i.," while doing injuries; II. i. 112.
Inordinate, immoderate; II. iii. 311.
Intendment, intention; IV. ii. 203.
Intentively, with unbroken attention (Folio 1, "*instinctiuely*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*distinctively*"; Gould conj. "*connectively*"); I. iii. 155.
Iuvention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.
Issues, conclusions; III. iii. 219.
Iteration, repetition; V. ii. 150.

Janus, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.
Jesses, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261. *Cp.* illustration.

From an engraving of the year 1593.

Joint-ring, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73. *Cp.* illustration.

From a woodcut by Fairholt.

Jump, exactly; II. iii. 392.
——, agree; I. iii. 5.
Just, exact; I. iii. 5.
Justly, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.

Keep up, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.
Knave, servant; I. i. 45.
Knee-crooking, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.
Know of, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.

Lack, miss; III. iii. 318.
Law-days, court-days; III. iii. 140.
Leagued, connected in friendship (Quartos, Folios, "*league*"); II. iii. 218.
Learn, teach; I. iii. 183.
Learned, intelligent; III. iii. 259.
Leets, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.
Levels, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 240.
Liberal, free, wanton; II. i. 165.

Lies, resides; III. iv. 2.
Like, equal; II. i. 16.
Lingered, prolonged; IV. ii. 228.
List, boundary; "patient l.," the bounds of patience; IV. i. 76.
——, inclination (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*leaue*"); II. i. 105.
——, listen to, hear; II. i. 219.
Living, real, valid; III. iii. 409.
Lost, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.
Lown, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 95.

Magnifico, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.
Maidhood, maidenhood; I. i. 173.
Main, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.
Make away, get away; V. i. 58.
Makes, does; I. ii. 49.
Mammering, hesitating (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*mam'ring*"; Quarto 1, "*muttering*"; Johnson, "*mummering*"); III. iii. 70.
Man, wield; V. ii. 270.
Manage, set on foot; II. iii. 215.
Mandragora, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.
Mane, crest; II. i. 13.
Manifest, reveal; I. ii. 32.
Marble, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.
Mass; "by the mass," an oath (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Introth*"; Folio 4, "*In troth*"); II. iii. 384.
Master, captain; II. i. 211.
May, can; V. i. 78.
Mazzard, head; II. iii. 155.
Me; "whip me," whip (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.
Mean, means; III. i. 39.
Meet, seemly, becoming; I. i. 146.
Mere, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.
Minion, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.
Mischance, misfortune; V. i. 38.
Mock, ridicule; I. ii. 69.
Modern, common-place; I. iii. 109.
Moe, more; IV. iii. 57.
Molestation, disturbance; II. i. 16.
Monstrous (trisyllabic) (Capell, "*mounsterous*"); II. iii. 217.
Moons, months; I. iii. 84.
Moorship's (formed on analogy of worship; Quarto 1 reads "*Worship's*"); I. i. 33.
Moraler, moralizer; II. iii. 301.
Mortal, deadly; II. i. 72.
——, fatal; V. ii. 205.
Mortise, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber; II. i. 9.
Moth, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 257.
Motion, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.
——, natural impulse; I. ii. 75.
Mountebanks, quacks; I. iii. 61.
Mummy, a preparation used for magical—as well as medicinal—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.

Mutualities, familiarities; II. i. 266.
Mystery, trade craft; IV. ii. 30.

Naked, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
Napkin, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
Native, natural, real; I. i. 62.
New, fresh (Quartos, *"more"*); I. iii. 205.
Next, nearest; I. iii. 205.
North, north wind; V. ii. 220.
Notorious, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
Nuptial, wedding (Quartos, *"Nuptialls"*); II. ii. 8.

Obscure, abstruse; II. i. 263.
Observancy, homage; III. iv. 149.
Odd-even, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 124.
Odds, quarrel; II. iii. 185.
Off, away; V. ii. 331.
Off-capp'd, doffed their caps, saluted (Quartos, *"oft capt"*); I. i. 10.
Offends, hurts, pains; II. iii. 199.
Office, duty (Quarto 1, *"duty"*); III. iv. 113.
Officed, having a special function; I. iii. 271.
Offices, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 9.
Old, time-honoured system; I. i. 37.
On, at; II. iii. 132.
On't, of it; II. i. 30.
Opinion, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 196.
Opposite, opposed; I. ii. 67.
Other, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
Ottomites, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
Out-tongue, bear down; I. ii. 19.
Overt; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
Owe, own; I. i. 66.
Owedst, didst own; III. iii. 333.

Paddle, play, toy; II. i. 259.
Pageant, show, pretence; I. iii. 18.
Paragons, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
Parcels, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
Partially, with undue favour (Qq., *"partiality"*); II. iii. 218.
Parts, gifts; III. iii. 264.
Passage, people passing; V. i. 37.
Passing, surpassingly; I. iii. 160.
Patent, privilege; IV. i. 203.
Patience (trisyllabic); II. iii. 376.
Peculiar, personal; III. iii. 79.
Peevish, childish, silly; II. iii. 185.
Pegs, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 202.
Perdurable, durable, lasting; I. iii. 343.
Period, ending; V. ii. 357.
Pestilence, poison; II. iii. 362.
Pierced, penetrated; I. iii. 219.

Pioners, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as levelling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.

Pleasance, pleasure (Quartos, "*pleasure*"); II. iii. 293.

Pliant, convenient; I. iii. 151.

Plume up, make to triumph (Quarto 1, "*make up*"); I. iii. 398.

Poise, weight; III. iii. 82.

Pontic sea, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.

Portance, conduct; I. iii. 139.

Position, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.

Post-post-haste, very great haste; I. iii. 46.

Pottle-deep, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 56.

Practice, plotting; III. iv. 141.

Precious, used ironically (Quartos 2, 3, "*pernitious*"); V. ii. 235.

Prefer, promote; II. i. 286.

——, show, present; I. iii. 109.

Preferment, promotion; I. i. 36.

Pregnant, probable; II. i. 239.

Presently, immediately; III. i. 38.

Prick'd, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.

Probal, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 344.

Probation, proof; III. iii. 365.

Profane, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 165.

Profit, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.

Proof; "make p.," test, make trial; V. i. 26.

Proper, own; I. iii. 69.

——, handsome; I. iii. 397.

Propontic, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.

Propose, speak; I. i. 25.

Propriety; "from her p.," out of herself; II. iii. 176.

Prosperity, success; II. i. 287.

Prosperous, propitious; I. iii. 245.

Puddled, muddled; III. iv. 143.

Purse, wrinkle, frown; III. iii. 113.

Purse . . . strings; I. i. 2, 3. *Cp.* illustration.

From the leaden seal of the Confraternity of Purse-makers (Boursiers) of Paris.

Put on, incite, instigate; II. iii. 357.

Qualification, appeasement; II. i. 281.

Qualified, diluted; II. iii. 41.

Quality; "very q.," *i.e.* very nature; I. iii. 252.

Quarter; "in q.," in peace, friendship; II. iii. 180.

Quat, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); Quarto 1, "*guat*"; Theobald, "*knot,*" etc.); V. i. 11.
Question, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
Quests, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
Quicken, receive life; III. iii. 277.
Quillets, quibbles; III. i. 25.
Quirks, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.

Raised up, awakened; II. iii. 250.
Rank, coarse; II. i. 314.
Rank, lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
Recognizance, token; V. ii. 214.
Reconciliation, restoration to favour; III. iii. 47.
Reference, assignment (Quarto 1, "*reuerence*"; Folios 3, 4, "*reverence*"; Johnson conj. "*preference*"); I. iii. 238.
Regard, view; II. i. 40.
Region, part; IV. i. 84.
Relume, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
Remove, banish; IV. ii. 14.
Repeals, recalls to favour; II. iii. 363.
Reprobation, perdition, damnation (Folios, "*Reprobance*"); V. ii. 209.
Reverses, keeps; III. iii. 295.
Respect, notice; IV. ii. 190.
Re-stem, retrace; I. iii. 37.
Revolt, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
Rich, valuable, precious; II. iii. 195.
Roman (used ironically); IV. i. 121.
Round, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
Rouse, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 66.
Rude, harsh; III. iii. 355.
Ruffian'd, been boisterous, raged; II. i. 7.

Sadly, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
Safe, sound; IV. i. 272.
Sagittary, a public building in Venice; I. i. 159.
Salt, lustful; II. i. 245.
Sans, without; I. iii. 64.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; an oath (the reading of Quarto 1; omitted in others); I. i. 4.
Scant, neglect; I. iii. 268.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 136.
Scattering, random; III. iii. 151.
Scion, slip, off-shoot (Quartos, "*syen*"; Folios, "*Seyen*"); I. iii. 337.
Scored me, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt). "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 129.
Scorns, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 83.
Seamy side without, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.
Sect, cutting, scion; I. iii. 336.
Secure, free from care; IV. i. 72.

Secure me, feel myself secure; I. iii. 10.

Seel, blind (originally a term in falconry); I. iii. 270.

Seeming, appearance, exterior; I. iii. 109.

——, hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.

Segregation, dispersion; II. i. 10.

Self-bounty, inherent kindness and benevolence; III. iii. 200.

Self-charity, charity to one's self; II. iii. 202.

Se'nnight's, seven night's, a week's; II. i. 77.

Sense, feeling (Quartos, "*offence*"); II. iii. 268.

——; "to the s.," *i.e.* "to the quick"; V. i. 11.

Sequent, successive; I. ii. 41.

Sequester, sequestration; III. iv. 40.

Sequestration, rupture, divorce; I. iii. 351.

Shore, did cut; V. ii. 206.

Should, could; III. iv. 23.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.

Shrift, shriving place, confessional; III. iii. 24.

Shut up in, confine to; III. iv. 121.

Sibyl, prophetess; III. iv. 70.

Siege, rank, place; I. ii. 22.

Simpleness, simplicity; I. iii. 247.

Sir; "play the s.," play the fine gentleman; II. i. 176.

Sith, since (Quartos, "*since*"); III. iii. 380.

Skillet, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 273. The accompanying illustration represents an old sixteenth century helmet used as a skillet, which was found in dredging the Thames near the Tower of London.

Slight, worthless, frivolous; II. iii. 279.

Slipper, slippery; II. i. 246.

Slubber, sully, soil; I. iii. 227.

Snipe, simpleton (Folio 1, "*Snpe*"; Folio 2, "*a Swaine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*a Swain*"); I. iii. 390.

Snorting, snoring; I. i. 90.

Soft, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.

Soft you, hold; V. ii. 338.

Something, somewhat; II. iii. 199.

Sorry, painful (Quartos, "*sullen*"; Collier MS., "*sudden*"); III. iv. 51.

Spake, said, affirmed (Quarto 3, "*speake*"); V. ii. 327.

Spartan dog, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.

Speak i' the nose, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose'" (Clarke); (Collier MS., "squeak"; etc.); III. i. 5.

Speak parrot, talk nonsense; II. iii. 280.

Speculative, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 271.

Spend, waste, squander; II. iii. 195.

Spleen, choler, anger; IV. i. 89.

Splinter, secure by splints; II. iii. 329.

Squire, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.

Stand in act, are in action; I. i. 152.

Start, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.

Startingly, abruptly (Folios 3, 4, "*staringly*"); III. iv. 79.

Stay, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.

Stead, benefit, help; I. iii. 344.

Still, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.

Stomach, appetite; V. ii. 75.

Stop; "your s.," the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.

Stoup, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 30.

Stow'd, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.

Straight, straightway; I. i. 138.

Strain, urge, press; III. iii. 250.

Strangeness, estrangement (Quartos, "*strangest*"); III. iii. 12.

Strawberries; the accompanying engraving is copied from "a piece of Elizabethan needlework in which the strawberry and pink alternate over a ground of fawn-coloured silk"; III. iii. 435.

Stuff o' the conscience, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.

Subdued, make subject; I. iii. 251.

Success, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.

Sudden, quick, hasty; II. i. 278.

Sufferance, damage, loss; II. i. 23.

Sufficiency, ability; I. iii. 224.

Sufficient, able; III. iv. 91.

Suggest, tempt; II. iii. 358.

Supersubtle, excessively crafty (Collier MS., "*super-supple*"); I. iii. 363.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 252.

Swelling, inflated; II. iii. 57.

Sword of Spain, Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.

Ta'en order, taken measures; V. ii. 72.
Ta'en out, copied; III. iii. 296.
Tainting, disparaging; II. i. 274.
Take out, copy; III. iv. 180.
Take up at the best, make the best of; I. iii. 173.
Talk, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.
Talk me, speak to me; III. iv. 92.
Tells o'er, counts; III. iii. 169.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 24.
Thick-lips; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.
Thin, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.
Thread, thread of life; V. ii. 206.
Thrice-driven, "referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 232.
Thrive in, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.
Time, life; I. i. 162.
Timorous, full of fear; I. i. 75.
Tire, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.
Toged, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.
Told, struck, counted (Folios 3, 4, "*toll'd*"); II. ii. 11.
Toy, fancy; III. iv. 156.
Toys, trifles; I. iii. 269.
Trash, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 311.
——, keep back, hold in check (a hunter's term); II. i. 311.
Traverse, march, go on; I. iii. 378.
Trimm'd in, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.
Turn; "t. thy complexion," change colour; IV. ii. 62.

Unblest, accursed; II. iii. 311.
Unbonnetted, without taking off the cap, on equal terms; I. ii. 23.
Unbookish, ignorant; IV. i. 102.
Uncapable, incapable; IV. ii. 232.
Undertaker; "his u.," take charge of him, dispatch him; IV. i. 224.
Unfold, reveal, bring to light; IV. ii. 141.
Unfolding, communication; I. iii. 245.
Unhandsome, unfair; III. iv. 151.
Unhatch'd, undisclosed; III. iv. 141.
Unhoused, homeless, not tied to a household and family; I. ii. 26.
Unlace, degrade; II. iii. 194.
Unperfectness, imperfection; II. iii. 298.
Unprovide, make unprepared; IV. i. 211.
Unsure, uncertain; III. iii. 151.
Unvarnish'd, plain, unadorned; I. iii. 90.
Unwitted, deprived of understanding; II. iii. 182.
Upon, incited by, urged by; I. i. 100.

Use, custom; IV. i. 277.
Uses, manners, habits (Quarto 1, "*vsage*"); IV. iii. 105.

Vantage; "to the v.," over and above; IV. iii. 85.
Vessel, body; IV. ii. 83.
Vesture, garment; II. i. 64.
Violence, bold action; I. iii. 250.
Virtuous, having efficacy, powerful; III. iv. 111.
Voices, votes; I. iii. 261.
Vouch, assert, maintain; I. iii. 103, 106.
——, bear witness; I. iii. 262.
——, testimony; II. i. 148.

Wage, venture, attempt; I. iii. 30.
Watch, watchman; V. i. 37.
Watch him, keep him from sleeping; a term in falconry; III. iii. 23.
Wearing, clothes; IV. iii. 16.
Well said, well done (Quartos, "*well sed*"); II. i. 168.
What, who; I. i. 18.
Wheeling, errant (Quarto 2, "*wheedling*"); I. i. 137.
Whipster, one who whips out his sword (used contemptuously); V. ii. 244.
White (used with a play upon *white* and *wight*); II. i. 134.
Wholesome, reasonable; III. i. 49.
Wicker, covered with wicker-work; (Folios, "*Twiggen*"); II. iii. 152.
Wight, person (applied to both sexes); II. i. 159.
Wind; "let her down the w."; the falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind,* and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*" (Johnson); III. iii. 262.
Wind-shaked, wind-shaken; II. i. 13.
With, by; II. i. 34.
Withal, with; I. iii. 93.
With all my heart, used both as a salutation, and also as a reply to a salutation; IV. i. 220.
Within door; "speak w. d.," *i.e.* "not so loud as to be heard outside the house"; IV. ii. 144.
Woman'd, accompanied by a woman; III. iv. 195.
Worser, worse; I. i. 95.
Wrench, wrest (Quarto 1, "*Wring*"); V. ii. 288.
Wretch, a term of endearment; (Theobald, "*wench*"); III. iii. 90.
Wrought, worked upon; V. ii. 345.

Yerk'd, thrust; I. ii. 5.
Yet, as yet, till now; III. iii. 432.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 15. Omitted in Folios and Quartos 2, 3.

I. i. 21. '*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*'; if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean 'very near being married to a most fair wife.' Some explain "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.

I. i. 72. '*changes*'; Folios read '*chances.*'

I. ii. 72-77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted in Quarto 1.

I. ii. 75. '*weaken motion*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, and Quartos 2, 3, '*weakens motion*'; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) '*weaken notion*'; Hanmer, '*waken motion*'; Keightley, '*wakens motion*'; Anon. conj. in Furness, '*wake emotion,*' etc.

I. iii. 67. '*bloody book of law*'; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).

I. iii. 87. '*feats of broil*'; Capell's emendation; Quarto 1, '*feate of broile*'; Folio 1, '*Feats of Broiles,*' etc.

I. iii. 107. '*Certain*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*wider.*'

I. iii. 139. '*portance in my*'; so Folios and Quarto 2; Quarto 3, '*portence in my*'; Quarto 1, '*with it all my*'; Johnson conj. '*portance in't; my*'; etc.; '*travels*'; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Quartos, '*trauells*'; Pope, '*travel's*'; Folio 1, '*Trauellours*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Travellers*'; Folio 4, '*Traveller's*'; Richardson conj. '*travellous*' or '*travailous.*'

I. iii. 159. '*sighs*'; Folios, '*kisses*'; Southern MS., '*thanks.*'

I. iii. 250. '*and storm of fortunes*'; Quarto 1, '*and scorne of Fortunes,*' etc.

I. iii. 261. '*Let her have your voices*'; Dyce's correction; Folios, '*Let her have your voice*'; Quartos read—

> "*Your voyces Lords; beseech you let her will*
> *Haue a free way.*"

I. iii. 264-265. '*the young affects In me defunct*'; Quartos, '*the young affects In my defunct*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*effects.*' The reading of the text is the simplest and most plau-

sible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning 'the passions of youth which I have now outlived': '*proper satisfaction*' = 'my own gratification.'

I. iii. 330. '*balance*'; Folios, '*brain*' and '*braine*'; Theobald, '*beam.*'

I. iii. 354. '*luscious as locusts*'; "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).

I. iii. 358. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 384-388. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Quarto 1, adds after the words '*I am chang'd*'—

"*Goe to farewell, put money enough in your purse*";

omitting '*I'll go sell all my land.*'

II. i. 39-40; 158; 260 ('*didst not mark that?*'); omitted in Quarto 1.

II. i. 65. '*tire the ingener*'; Knight, Steevens conj.; Folio 1, '*tyre the Ingeniuer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*tire the Ingeniver*'; Quarto 1, '*beare all Excellency*'—; Quartos 2, 3, '*beare an excelency*':—Johnson conj. '*tire the ingenious verse*'; Pope, '*beare all excellency—*'

II. i. 82. '*And . . . Cyprus*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 249. '*a devilish knave*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 258. '*blest pudding*'; Folios, '*Bless'd pudding*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 267-268. '*comes the master and main*'; so Folios; Quarto 1 reads '*comes the maine*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*comes Roderigo, the master and the maine.*'

II. i. 279. '*haply may*'; Quartos read '*haply with his Trunchen may.*'

II. i. 311. '*poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*'; Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1, '*poor trash . . . I crush*'; Folios, Quartos 2, 3, '*poor Trash . . . I trace*'; Theobald, Warburton conj. '*poor brach . . . I trace*'; Warburton (later conj.) '*poor brach . . . I cherish.*'

II. iii. 42. '*here,*' *i.e.* in my head.

II. iii. 92-99. These lines are from an old song called '*Take thy old cloak about thee,*' to be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. iii. 167. '*sense of place*'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos: Folios, '*place of sense.*'

II. iii. 292. '*transform ourselves into beasts.*' "This trans-

formation was frequently depicted in old satirical prints; as in the woodcut here copied from the Musarum Deliciae 1657, representing 'the drunken humors' imparting to men the feeling and manners of the tiger, the ass, the fox, the dog, the ape and the swine."

II. iii. 318. *'some time'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'a time'*; Grant White, *'one time.'*

III. i. 13. *'for love's sake'*; Quarto 1, *'of all loues.'*

III. i. 43. *'Florentine,' i.e.* 'even a Florentine'; Iago was a Venetian.

III. i. 52. Omitted in Folios.

III. iii. 23. *'watch him tame,' i.e.* tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).

III. iii. 106. *'By heaven, he echoes me'*; Quarto 1, *'By heauen he ecchoes me'*; Folios *'Alas, thou ecchos't me'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'why dost thou ecchoe me.'*

III. iii. 132. *'thy worst of thoughts'*; so Folios, Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads *'the worst of thoughts'*; Quarto 3, *'thy thoughts'*; perhaps we should read:—

"As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."

III. iii. 170. *'strongly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'soundly'*; Knight, *'fondly.'*

III. iii. 277. *'Desdemona comes'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Looke where she comes.'*

III. iii. 325; 383-390; 453-460; iv. 8-10; 195-196. Omitted in Quarto 1.

III. iii. 440. *'any that was hers'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, *'any, it was hers'*; Folio 1, *'any, it was hers'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'any, if 't was hers'*; Anon. conj. *'any 'it' was hers.'*

III. iii. 447. *'thy hollow cell'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'the hollow hell'*; Warburton, *'th' unhallow'd cell.'*

III. iii. 456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny*:—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."

III. iii. 469. '*business ever*'; Quartos, '*worke so euer*'; Collier, '*work soe'er,*' etc.

III. iv. 47. '*our new heraldry,*' (*vide* PREFACE).

III. iv. 65. '*her,*' *i.e.* to my wife (implied in '*wive*').

III. iv. 121. '*shut myself up in,*' etc., *i.e.* 'Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity'; Quarto 1, '*shoote my selfe up in*'; Capell, '*shoot myself upon*'; Rann, '*shape myself upon*'; Collier MS., '*shift myself upon.*'

III. iv. 151. '*warrior*'; Hanmer, '*wrangler*'; *cp.* '*O my fair warrior*'; (II. i. 184).

IV. i. 77. '*here o'erwhelmed*'; Quarto 1, '*here ere while, mad.*'

IV. i. 122. (' *What, a customer!*'); ii. 73-76; iii. 60-63, 87-104; omitted in Quarto 1.

IV. i. 137-138. '*and, by this hand, she falls me*'; so Collier; Quarto 1, reads '*by this hand she fals*'; Folios, '*and falls me*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*fals me.*'

IV. i. 268. '*This the nature,*' Pope's reading; Quartos, '*This the noble nature*'; Folios, '*Is this the nature.*'

IV. ii. 109. '*least misuse*'; Quarto 1, '*greatest abuse*'; Collier MS., '*least misdeede.*'

IV. ii. 170. '*The messengers of Venice stay the meat*'; Knight's reading; Folio 1, '*The Messengers of Venice staies the meate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*The Messenger of Venice staies the meate*'; Quarto 1, '*And the great Messengers of Venice stay*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay.*'

IV. iii. 23. '*All's one. Good faith*'; Quarto 1, '*All's one good faith*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*All's one; good father*'; Folios, '*All's one: good Father.*'

IV. iii. 26. '*Barbara*'; Quartos read '*Barbary*'; Folio 1, '*Barbarie.*'

IV. iii. 41, etc.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of '*A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*'; where the plaintive lover is a man.

IV. iii. 41. '*sighing*'; Folios, '*singing*'; Quarto 3, '*singhing*'; Folio 1, (Dev.) '*sining.*'

V. i. 82-83; ii. 82, 185-193, 266-272; omitted in Quarto 1.

V. i. 105. '*gentlemen,*' the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*Gentlewoman.*'

V. i. 107. '*if you stare*'; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, '*an you stirre*'; Quarto 3, '*an you stirr*'; Anon. conj. '*if you stay.*'

V. ii. 7. '*Put out the light, and then put out the light*'; *i.e.*

'put out the light, and then put out the light of life.' The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.

V. ii. 151. '*made mocks with love*'; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

V. ii. 172. '*Disprove this villain*'; Capell, '*Disprove it, villain.*'

V. ii. 337. '*bring away*'; Quartos, '*bring him away*'; Collier MS., '*bring them away.*'

V. ii. 347. '*Indian*'; Folio 1, '*Iudean*'; Theobald proposed '*Judian,*' adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealosie, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*:—

> "*So the unskilful Indian those bright gems*
> *Which might add majesty to diadems,*
> *'Mong the waves scatters.*"

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

3. *shouldst know of this*:—Of the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. The play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention.

10. *Off-capp'd*:—To *cap* was often used for a salutation of respect, made by taking off the cap. "Three great ones of the city," says Knight, "wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap in hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant."

31. *By debitor and creditor*:—By a mere accountant, a keeper of debt and credit. Iago means that Cassio, though knowing no more of war than men of the gown, as distinguished from men of the sword, has yet *outsailed* him in military advancement. Again, he calls Cassio "this *counter-caster*," in allusion to the *counters* formerly used in reckoning up accounts.

33. *ancient*:—This old corruption of ensign was used both for a standard and a standard-bearer. For both uses see 1 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 25 and 33 respectively. But that *ensign* was in use in Shakespeare's day is abundantly proved, as in Drayton's *Barons' Warres*:—

"Ensigne beards Ensigne, Sword 'gainst Sword doth shake."

39. Whether I stand *within* any such *terms* of *affinity* to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him.

45. *knee-crooking knave*:—We have here a notable example of the use of *knave* in the transition stage between its second and its third or present meaning. It first meant a child; then, because children served their elders, a servant; and finally, because of the dishonesty and loose morals of servants, a rogue. In Roderigo's account of the elopement, farther on in this scene, the word occurs in its secondary sense, "a knave of common hire, a gondolier." The opprobrious sense of the word seems to have become fixed early in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. "For whosoeuer should in these present times say in England to some English men knaue, which formerly was taken for a man seruant, and on which word the law takes no hold, it would not take well, for that knaue and a base fellow signifieth the selfe same thing."

65. *I am not what I am*:—A misprint, perhaps, for "I am not what I *seem*." This, at all events, is probably the meaning of Iago.

66. *full fortune*, etc.:—So both the Quartos: the Folio has *fall* instead of *full*. The meaning is, how fortunate he is, or how strong in fortune, if he can hold out against such practice. Similar language occurs in *Cymbeline*: "Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine." And in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The imperious show of the *full-fortuned* Cæsar." Of course *owe* is used in the old sense of *own* or *possess*.

75, 76. *In the time of* night and negligence; a very common form of expression. *Timorous* was sometimes used, as *fearful* still is, for that which *frightens*. Old dictionaries explain it, "fearful, horridus, formidolosus."

106. *My house is not a grange*:—Mine is not a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed. *Grange* is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a *grange*. So in *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 274, 275: "There, at the moated *grange*, resides this dejected Mariana."

114. A *gennet* is a horse; strictly a Spanish horse of the breed called barbs, introduced into Spain by the Moors from Barbary. *Germans*, meaning brothers, sisters, or cousins, is here used for any near relations.

126. *gondolier*:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyors of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptations to make profit of the

secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o' the night, no worse nor better guard.'"

132. *from*:—Against or opposed to.

137. *In an extravagant and wheeling stranger*:—A stranger who has no fixed abode, whose life is irregular. So in Markham's *English Housewife*, "The Sewer upon the placing them [certain dishes] upon the table shall not set them down as he received them, but setting the Sallets extravagantly about the table," etc., Ed. 1653; and in *Hamlet*, I. i. 154, 155, "The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine." So Iago, Sc. iii., 362, 363, of this Act calls Othello an "erring barbarian."

143. *not unlike my dream*:—"The careful old senator," says Coleridge, "being caught careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming-power at least."

159. The *Sagittary* is supposed by some commentators to have been some public house or inn with a figure of the Archer, after *Sagittarius*, ninth sign of the zodiac, for the sign of the house itself. Perhaps Shakespeare knew at Venice an inn so called.

182. *at most*:—That is, at most *of the houses*.

Scene II.

2. *stuff o' the conscience*:—A *point* or *matter* of conscience.

8. Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello.

22. *men of royal siege*:—Men who have sat on kingly *thrones*. *Siege* was often thus used for *seat*.

22, 23. *my demerits may speak unbonneted*, etc.:—Shakespeare and his contemporaries use *demerits* to express both the presence and the absence of merit. See an instance of the former in *Macbeth*, IV. iii., and of the latter in *Coriolanus*, I. i. *Unbonneted* can only mean without the bonnet; which sense, as the uncovering of the head is a sign of deference, seems at variance with the manifest purpose of Othello's speech. Yet there does not appear to be sufficient reason for us to assume that there is corruption. Theobald would have read, "may speak *and* bonneted."

28. *the sea's worth*:—Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial.

59. There seems to be a sort of playful, good-humoured irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this Scene,

Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce"; his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and honouring him the more for making them.

68. In Shakespeare's time it was the fashion for lusty gallants to wear "a *curled* bush of frizzled hair." In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair*. The Poet has other allusions to the custom among people of rank and fashion.

99. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: "*Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a *pagus*, quod est villa. Et *quicunque habitat in villa est paganus*. Prætera quicunque est extra civitatem Dei. *i. e.*, ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*."—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528.

Scene III.

23. That he may capture it with an easier conflict.

48, 49. *employ you*, etc.:—It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generals, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example."—Thomas's *History of Italye*.

67. *bloody book of law*:—By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the *Code Della Promission del Malefico*.

96. *herself*:—Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the personal instead of the neutral pronoun.

140. *antres*:—Caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. "Whoever," says Johnson, "ridicules this

account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity."

144, 145. Nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, etc. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time.

155. *not intentively*:—*Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. "*Intentive,* which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing," says Bullokar, in his *Expositor,* 1616.

163. *such a man*:—A question has been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made *for* her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy stands in need of no such critical guardianship.

199. Let me speak as you yourself have spoken; referring to Brabantio's words, "I here do give thee that," etc.

202. This is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Past cure is still past care."

219. *pierced through the ear*:—The wounded heart was healed with words, *pierced* being used simply in the sense of *reached* or *penetrated.* So in *The Faerie Queene,* vi. 9, 26:—

> "Whyl'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
> Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
> Whose sensefull *words empierst his hart* so neare,
> That he was wrapt with double ravishment."

Dyce quotes the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* I. 2:—

> "Nor thee nor them, thrice-noble Tamburlaine,
> Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladness pierc'd.*"

249-251. *That I did love . . . world*:—So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630: the Quarto of 1622 has *scorn* instead of *storm*. *Scorn* will not cohere with *violence,* unless by making it express a quality of Desdemona herself, not of her fortunes; the sense in that case being, "my downright violence of behaviour, and scorn of fortune." She evidently means the violence and storm of fortunes which she has *braved* or *encountered* in marrying the Moor, and not anything of a violent or scornful temper in herself.

293-295. *Look to her . . . her faith*:—"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

313. *four times seven years*:—This clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, no doubt, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gaiety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."

336, 337. A *sect* is what the gardeners call a *cutting*. "This speech," observes Coleridge, "comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man."

354, 355. Alluding, probably, to the *ceratonia* or *carob,* an evergreen growing in the south of Europe, and bearing sweet black

pods. Commerce had made the fruit well known in London, and *locust* was the popular name for it.

396. *Will do . . . well*:—That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. *He holds me well* is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*A sea-port in Cyprus.*] The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.

13. There is implied a comparison of the "wind-shaked surge" to the war-horse; the Poet probably having in mind the passage of Job: "Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?" Knight remarks upon the place thus: "The horse of Job is the war-horse, 'who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage'; and when Shakespeare pictured to himself his mane wildly streaming, 'when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield,' he saw an image of the fury of the 'wind-shaked surge,' and of its very form; and he painted it 'with high and monstrous *mane*.'"

14. *bear*:—The constellation near the pole star. The next line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear.

26. *Veronesa*:—This refers to the ship. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship "a noble ship of *Venice*"; but Verona was tributary to the Venetian state; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona.

39, 40. *till we make the main . . . regard*:—Till sea and sky blend and become indistinguishable to sight. On this passage Coleridge remarks: "Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first, our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached."

49. Of allowed and approved expertness.

64, 65. By *the essential vesture of creation* the Poet seems to mean her *outward form*, which in the *Merchant of Venice* (V. i.

64) he calls "this muddy *vesture* of decay." The meaning would appear to be, "She is one who exceeds all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, I. i., says: "No, Silius, we are no good *inginers*; we want their fine arts." Flecknoe, in 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*."

70. *Ensteep'd* here means simply hid in the water, *submerged*; a frequent use of the word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11:—

> "Now gan the golden Phœbus for to *steepe*
> His fierie face in billows of the west."

112. *Saints in your injuries*:—"When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity."

144-148. "The sense," says Warburton, "is this: One that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was strong commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice."

156. To exchange a delicacy for coarser fare, the head being the best part of the cod, the tail the worst of the salmon.

161. That is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.

184. *fair warrior*:—Perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to *be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war*. Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his Sonnets, often calls the ladies *guèrrières*.

201-203. [*Aside.*] Coleridge pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he?

208. *out of fashion*:—Out of method, without any setttled order of discourse.

223. *Lay thy finger thus*:—On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

262, 263. *index . . . prologue*:—Indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books.

314. *in the rank garb*:—In the *right-down*, or *straight-forward fashion*. In *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he "doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* quite from his nature." Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*, "You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel."

320. "An honest man," says Johnson, "acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution."

Scene III.

57. *elements*:—As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water.

62. Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

80-83. In *The Captain* of Beaumont and Fletcher, one of the persons asks, "Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?" and another answers thus: "Not a leak at sea can suck more liquor: you shall have their children christened in mull'd sack, and at five years old able to knock a *Dane* down." And in Henry Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, we have the following: "Within these fiftie or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equall them not; yea, I think, rather excell them."

85. *I'll do you justice*:—That is, drink as much as you do: old pot-house slang.

87-94. These stanzas are copied, with a few slight variations, from an old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which is reprinted entire in Percy's *Reliques*.

122, 123. How differently the liar speaks of Cassio's soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words.

130. If he have no drink, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient writers: Chaucer often uses it.

252. *Lead him off*:—Malone thought that these words were a stage direction which had crept into the text, because "in our old plays all the stage directions were couched in imperative terms." "Such," says White, "is my opinion, and such it was before I saw Malone's note, but for a different reason. If Othello had ordered the removal of Montano, he would have said, not 'Lead him off,' but 'Lead him *away*.' We speak of a man's being or having been led off, or on, in the sense of away, or onward; but when we direct a man to be taken from where we are, we say 'away,' unless we are upon a staging, or some place of that kind, which, for Shakespeare's purposes, Othello was not. The rhythm of this command, too, is not like that of Shakespeare's hemistichs. But as Folio and Quartos unite in the reading in question, I do not venture to change it upon mere opinion." Rolfe retains this reading. Hudson (Harvard ed.) omits it.

354, 355. *Parallel course*:—Course parallel to or agreeing with his good; coinciding with his wish or design.

356. When devils will *instigate* to their blackest sins, they *tempt*, etc. We repeatedly meet with the same use of *put on*, and of *suggests* and its cognates for *tempt*.

382, 383. *Though other things*, etc.:—Clarke's explanation is, "Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen. Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding." Johnson explains the passage thus: "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. It was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.

42. In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first Scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third Scene of this Act, and by what he says in the fifth Act, after having stabbed Roderigo. All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, "I never experienced more honesty and kindness, even in one of my own countrymen."

44. *your displeasure*:—The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

Scene III.

14 *et seq. That policy,* etc.:—Johnson explains this as follows: He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

23. *I'll watch him tame*:—Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.

90. The word *wretch* was a term of the fondest tenderness and endearment. Shakespeare often uses it so.

91, 92. The meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos." *But* is used in its exceptive sense; *but that,* or "*if* I do *not* love thee."

96. *He did,* etc.:—In Act I. Sc. ii., when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He 's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known.

123. *close delations*:—"Close delations" are secret accusings, intimations. So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* II. iii.: "Yet, if I do it not, they may *delate* my slackness to my patron." It should be noted, that in all this part of the dialogue the doubts started in Othello by the villain's artful insinuations have reference only to Cassio. There is not the least sign that the Moor's thoughts anywise touch his wife; and Iago seeems perplexed that his suspicions have lighted elsewhere than he had intended.

136 *et seq. Utter my thoughts,* etc.:—Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there, as in a regular court, and "bench by the side" of authorized and lawful

thoughts? A *leet* is also called a *law-day*. "This court, in whose manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and commonly held every half year": it was a meeting of the hundred "to certify the king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants."

166, 167. *the green-eyed monster*, etc.:—Hanmer changed *mock* to *make*, and the change has been frequently adopted, among other commentators, by Hudson. Schmidt conjectures that *make* may be correct. Furness and Rolfe adhere to mock, the former remarking: "The meat that jealousy feeds on is the victim of jealousy, the jealous man, who is mocked with trifles light as air." White says that jealousy "is fed by the objects of its open scorn and derision. For we all know, as well as Iago, that *the green-eyed monster* is like Pistol, and if it 'can mock a leek.' it 'can eat a leek.' Had the original text read *make* there could have been no question as to its soundness. But both Folio and Quarto have, *which doth mocke*. The curious reader will find five pages of comment upon this passage in the *Variorum* of 1821."

173. *riches fineless*, etc.:—*Fineless* is *endless, unbounded*. Warburton observes that this is finely expressed—*winter* producing no fruits.

182. *exsufflicate*:—This is the only known instance of *exsufflicate*. Phillips interprets *sufflation* "a puffing up, a making to swell with blowing." In Platus we have "*sufflavit* nescio quid uxore"; which Cooper renders, "He hath *whispered* something in his wifes eare whatsoever it be." Richardson's explanation is, "*Exsufflicate*, in Shakespeare, is not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, that is, *efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out, and, consequently exaggerated, extravagant; to which *blown* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

249. You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady.

259, 260. *And knows . . . dealings*:—"He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings."

260. *Haggard* is *wild, unreclaimed*; commonly used of a hawk. So in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "Thus I teach my *haggard* and *unreclaimed* reason to stoop to the lure of faith." A passage in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, shows that the term was sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the *stews*."

292. *hundred*:—Here used for an indefinite number; still it

shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. Thus far only one night since that of the marriage has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act I., it is clear he had his plot even then so far matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third Scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him.

296. *ta'en out*:—Meaning that she will have it *copied.* Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution.

330. *Look, where he comes!*—"That is," explains Steevens, "I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose; I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation."

350 *et seq.* There is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peele's *Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces,* 1589:—

> "Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;
> Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
> And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
> The *roaring cannon,* and the brazen trumpe,
> The *angry-sounding drum,* the *whistling fife,*
> The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney.*"

352. In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum,* Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife,* however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards discontinued for many years, but at length revived by the British guards under the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence adopted into other English regiments of infantry.

449, 450. *Swell . . . tongues!—Swell,* because the freight thou art charged with is that of poison, as from the deadly bites of asps.

467-469. The meaning here, as explained by Mr. Joseph Crosby, is: "Let him command whatever bloody work he may, to perform it shall be with me a matter of conscience."

Scene IV.

24. *I know not*:—Objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. But it is not easy to discover any such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that they themselves have served as means.

26. *crusadoes*:—It appears from Rider's *Dictionary* that there were three sorts of crusadoes; one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great crusado of Portugal. They were of gold, and differed in value from six shillings and eight pence to nine shillings.

47. *new heraldry*:—This "new heraldry" appears to be an allusion to the *bloody hand* borne on the arms of the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Malone, with much probability, quotes, in illustration of the text, the following from the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601: "We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers*; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another.*"

57. *a charmer*:—Used for an *enchanter* in the Psalms. So in Perkins's *Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1610: "By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charmers*, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women."

65. *To give it her*:—Of course *her* refers to the noun implied in *wive*. In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This

has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient."

74. *dyed in mummy*:—The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

169. "What are you doing away from home?" We repeatedly meet with the same phraseology in Shakespeare.

173. *A week away*:—It would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay.

180. *Take me this work out*:—Copy this work in another handkerchief. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*: "She intends *to take out* other works in a new sampler." Again, in the Preface to Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and *take out* patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found exchanging endearments, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue. In these pretended excusings Iago seeks only to intensify the sufferings which he professes to allay.

8. The *devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaries,* is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the Devyll with."

21, 22. The raven was thought to be a bird of ill omen, given to hovering about houses infected with the plague.

28. *Convinced*:—Having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome*.

41-43. *Nature . . . instruction*:—This passage has called forth much critical discussion. As suggested by Johnson, Othello seems to say, "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Or the sense may be given, as by Sir J. Reynolds, something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion*, without *some former experience*, or the *instruction* of some *foregoing fact*."

45. "The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies." The trance is thus justified by Sir J. Reynolds: "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind*, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance—the natural consequence."

69. Beds which really do not pertain to themselves alone; beds which are not peculiarly or specially their own, but are shared in common with others.

121. Othello calls Cassio *Roman* ironically, probably in allusion to his apparent elation, calling to Othello's mind the triumphs or triumphant career of the Romans.

247, 248. *If that the earth . . . crocodile*:—By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals. In Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, occurs the following: "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "Crocodili lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm."

265. *Goats and monkeys!*—In this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act III. Sc. iii., being urged to give some *ocular proof* of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, "were they as *prime as goats*, as *hot as monkeys*." These words

still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, explodes with this involuntary exclamation.

Scene II.

54, 55. *A fixed figure . . . finger at!*—Much has been written upon this famous passage, and various changes proposed. "The time of scorn" probably means, as Knight says, the *age* of scorn, that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not, as been so much supposed, a figure on a dial. As to "slow unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text.

74. *make very forges of my cheeks*:—Othello has already, when with Iago, spoken Desdemona's imputed deeds very plainly; and would Shakespeare have forgotten that Othello's cheeks were too dark to show a blush? or still more, would he have referred the blush in such a case to the countenance of the man when the woman was present? In *Titus Andronicus*, IV. ii., Aaron, the Moor, when Chiron says, "I blush to think upon this ignomy" (of his mother's having a mulatto child), replies:—

> "Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
> Fie, *treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing*
> The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
> Here 's a young lad framed of *another leer*."

88. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

91. The office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently, to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of Hell and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of Heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*.

104. *go by water*:—Be expressed by tears. A similar conceit is found in *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 186, 187:—

> "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
> And therefore I forbid my tears."

144. *Speak within door*:—Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.

167. *he does chide with you*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So Baret: "To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide with* one for a thing. Expostulare et queri." So too in the Poet's CXIth *Sonnet*: "O, for my sake do you *with* fortune *chide*."

212, 213. *I grant . . . judgement*:—"Shakespeare," says Malone, "knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness."

226. *goes into Mauritania*:—This passage proves, so far as anything said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritanians—from whose "men of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire—though apt enough to be confounded with the negroes, were as different from them, externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.

236. *He sups to-night with a harlotry*:—See "a peevish self-will'd harlotry," 1 *King Henry IV.*, III. i., and the very same phrase in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. ii.

Scene III.

11. Hazlitt calls this "one of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches."

55-57. [*Singing.*] These lines sung by Desdemona are from an old ballad, entitled *A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*. The ballad may be found entire in Percy's *Reliques*. It is there the lament of a man: Shakespeare adapted it to the sex of "poor Barbara." Subjoined are the stanzas from which he borrowed:—

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

Let nobody blame me, her scorns I do prove;
O willow, willow, willow!
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

73. A *joint-ring* was anciently a token of troth-plight between lovers, like the piece of broken gold in the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Dryden has a minute description of it in his *Don Sebastian*:—

"A curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
(You know these names are theirs,) and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie;
But, if they join, you must for ever part."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

11. A *quat*, in provincial usage, was a *pimple*, which by rubbing could be made to smart. Roderigo is called a *quat* in the same manner that a low fellow was vulgarly termed a *scab*. *To rub to the sense* is *to rub to the quick*.

Scene II.

1. Othello's act is caused by her supposed crime. Herein alone he finds his self-justification.

2. Steevens declares that there is "no classical authority" for *chaste stars*. But Othello has authority as good, perhaps, as classical, in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is *the cause* of his present purpose, and which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority! The phrase itself is classical now.

21. *this sorrow's heavenly*:—Is of heavenward tendency.

65. *A murder,* etc.:—Some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer,* when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."

82. *Being done*, etc.:—Othello regards the act as *done*, when the conflict between his love and honour is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim.

88. *So, so*:—At these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems more natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed than after being smothered to death.

183. *charm your tongue*:—To *charm* is to *still* or hush as with a *charm*. Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase *to charm a tongue,* may have originated.

192. *I thought so then*:—That is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.

212. *A thousand times*:—An indefinite number. See *a hundred times*, III. iii. 292.

239. Strictly speaking, Iago cannot be called a *notorious* vil-

lain, as his villainy was not *known*. The meaning is *egregious*, as in IV. ii. 140.

253. The way of tempering steel is by plunging it red-hot into cold water; and the colder the water, the higher the temper attained. Steevens has shown from Martial and Justin that in Spain the waters of the Salo and the Chalybes, being remarkable for coldness, were used in tempering swords. As Toledo blades were famous all over Europe in the Poet's time, he might easily learn that they were of *the ice-brook's temper* without going to classical authorities.

286. *I look down towards his feet*:—Alluding to the devil's *fabled* cloven foot. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it.

347. Coleridge remarks upon this passage: "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's." Whether Shakespeare meant an allusion to any particular story of an Indian, or to the Indians as generally described, is not quite clear; probably, the latter. Thus in Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*: "The *wretched Indian spurnes the golden ore*." So again in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard: "Behold my queen, who with no more concern Ile *cast away then Indians do a pearl*, that ne'er did know its value."

352. *Aleppo*:—It is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

361. *Spartan dog*:—The dogs of Spartan breed were among the most fierce and savage.

Questions on Othello.

1. What is known of the early editions of *Othello*; of the date of its composition?

2. What can you say of the original stage *Othello*; of the sources of the plot?

3. What is the duration of action in this play?

ACT FIRST.

4. How was Venice ruled at the time of the play; what was the office of Duke of Venice; that of Senator?

5. What was the Council of State; why had it been convened?

6. What of the *Cyprus wars* to which Iago refers; what was the *Sagittary*? (About 1470 Cyprus, the scene of the entire action of *Othello*, was annexed to Venice, and it continued under Venetian rule until about 1571.)

7. Where does Iago first make known his hatred of Othello; what cause was there for that hatred, as shown by Iago?

8. What impression is made by Iago's estimate of himself?

9. How account for Othello's influence over Desdemona; for Brabantio's reference of Desdemona's submission to Othello to witchcraft?

10. Describe Shakespeare's general treatment of witchcraft; how far does it reflect the superstitious mind of his age?

11. Does the character of Roderigo include the sense of honour; what led him to hate Othello?

12. Why should Othello speak in the same passage of the *Cannibals* and the *Anthropophagi*?

13. With a timorous disposition, as appears later, how does Desdemona in this Act speak for herself so boldly?

14. Was Othello a negro? What answer to this is suggested by his calling himself (III. iii. 263, 387) black? What do we know of the Moors of that day?

15. Give a brief summary of the characters and action of Act I.

ACT SECOND.

16. What are the conditions under which this Act opens?
17. What purpose is served by introducing the Turkish fleet and its destruction?
18. At first impression, what sort of a man is Cassio?
19. When Iago, in the soliloquy which ends Sc. iii, declares Othello to be *of a constant, loving, noble nature,* does Iago show that he is capable of compunction?
20. Interpret this soliloquy as a whole.
21. What does Cassio think of drunkenness? Relate his experience of it. How are we affected by his repentance?
22. How do you regard Iago's account to Othello of the incidents following Cassio's indiscretion?
23. What part does Iago wish Cassio to play; what part Roderigo?
24. How in this Act does Iago treat Roderigo; why?
25. Analyze the closing lines of Sc. iii.
26. What performance follows the purpose here outlined by Iago?
27. How does Desdemona impress Cassio?
28. Give a brief summary of Act II.

ACT THIRD.

29. Interpret the opening of the Act—Clown, musicians, etc.
30. What does the Clown mean by his question about the instruments having been in Naples?
31. What tragic sequence does this light action prelude?
32. Outline the character of Emilia.
33. Did she understand her husband?
34. Do you gain any definite idea from Iago's speech to Othello (Sc. iii. 144-154); what does Othello understand from it?
35. What is the meaning of this (Sc. iii. 165-167)?—

> "O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
> It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on."

36. Was Othello justified in attaching such weight to the words of Iago beginning, *She did deceive her father, marrying you*? Was Desdemona's conduct in the matter cited reprehensible?

37. Upon what does Othello base his opinion of Iago's honesty?

38. How does Iago so completely befool Othello?

39. What wrong directions does Othello's revenge take?

40. How does Desdemona apprehend the feeling of jealousy; how does she regard the jealousy of Othello?

41. What of Desdemona's behaviour under Othello's suspicion?

42. Does Emilia's obedience to her husband after he has snatched the handkerchief from her seem out of keeping with her character?

43. Up to the end of this Act, how does the character of Desdemona impress you; that of Emilia?

44. What new influence appears with the introduction of Bianca; how does she show the effect of jealousy? What new light does her appearance throw upon Cassio?

45. How much does Act III. advance the action of the play?

ACT FOURTH.

46. Describe the increased efforts of Iago to work upon the jealousy and anger of Othello.

47. Does Iago here exhibit any trace of human pity or feeling?

48. Does any other great character of Shakespeare approach Iago in heartlessness and diabolic spirit?

49. How are the sorrow and compassion of Othello portrayed in Sc. i.?

50. How is shown the lowest depth of Iago's devilish perfidy?

51. Explain (Sc. i. 248) *Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.*

52. Does Emilia betray any suspicion of her husband when she says (Sc. ii. 130-133), *I will be hanged*, etc.?

53. Is Desdemona's song essential to the action of the drama; what is its artistic or dramatic purpose; what similar incident in Shakespeare does it recall?

54. How does Othello at first intend to kill Desdemona; what other means does Iago suggest, and why?

55. How does Desdemona receive Othello's accusation against her; how does Emilia treat it?

56. Does Iago deceive others as completely as he does Othello?

57. What relation does Act IV. bear to the main action of the play?

ACT FIFTH.

58. How would the death of Cassio or Roderigo further the ends of Iago?

59. What does Roderigo's confession in view of death show as to his character?

60. By what means does Iago still forward his schemes?

61. What is Othello's mental condition during most of this Act? How does he justify himself in killing Desdemona?

62. Does Desdemona at last see that she and Othello have both been betrayed?

63. How does Desdemona face Othello's final determination to kill her; why does she beg for half an hour of grace?

64. How account for the fact that Desdemona died with a falsehood on her lips; was it an intentional falsehood, a mistake, or the result of a confused mind?

65. When Othello learns that Desdemona was innocent, how does he act?

66. Explain (Sc. ii. 7) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*

67. What is the allusion in line 347: *Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away?*

68. Explain Iago's last speech in the play.

69. What is shown by comparing Desdemona and Emilia?

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70. Is this play marked by Shakespeare's usual breadth of treatment?

71. What is the purpose of soliloquy in the modern drama; has it any relation to the chorus of ancient drama?

72. Describe the purpose and effect of Iago's soliloquy at the end of Act I.

73. Does any other character of Shakespeare's soliloquize as much as Iago?

74. Could the subtle and wicked spirit and purposes of Iago so well be made known in any other manner?

75. How were love and marriage regarded by Othello; by Desdemona; by Iago; by Emilia?

76. Compare these characters in any respect to others in Shakespeare.

77. Interpret Shakespeare's contrasting of humour and tragedy, as in Act III., at its beginning, and at the opening of Sc. iv.;

with what scene of *Hamlet* may it be compared in respect of dramatic purpose?

78. In view of his character, what value has Iago's estimate of *good name?*

79. In the mouth of villainy has the praise of virtue any ethical significance?

80. What is the secret power by which a man like Iago makes even innocent persons, as well as circumstances, conspire to serve his evil purposes?

81. Is the source of Iago's influence over Othello more to be seen in Iago's own complex and diabolical genius or in Othello's simplicity of nature?

82. What is the ethical import of this play as dealing with love, jealousy, hate, revenge, etc.?

83. Does good here seem to be vanquished and evil prospered; is the influence of the play on the side of pessimism or of optimism?

84. Indicate the usual contrasts between the jealousies of noble souls and those of base.

85. Is there anywhere a better portrayal of such contrasts as appear between Othello and Iago than in this play?

86. What is to be said of the art whereby Shakespeare makes the Moor so admirable, notwithstanding his limitations, and even renders Iago fascinating in spite of all his "inscrutable depravity"?

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